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Around Town.

I think I can claim to have brought before the public of Toronto most continuously and seriously the question of bringing water by gravitation from Lake Simcoe. That others preceding me had not the opportunities of presenting their statements as carefully as I have been able to present mine, and that subsequently others have in an erratic way presented schemes that have not enjoyed public confidence, matters little, and indeed it is entirely unimportant except that a man has a right to speak out after he has demonstrated his interest and to a certain extent his knowledge in matters of that sort. The coming to the surface of the conduit pipe has brought to the surface also many startling features of our water supply. If the pipe had never before come to the surface we might excuse the occurrence as one unlikely to happen more than once in a lifetime, but this is the second appearance of the sea-serpent within three years.

At the present crisis many voices are raised in protest, warning and I-told-you-so. It is really not a good time to make a decision. In Toronto, however, there seems to be no good time to decide anything. The moment the crisis is over people resume their normal lethargy, and if a thing is decided in the heat of the moment, almost invariably the question is decided in a way that does not do credit to the sense of the city. Just now the people are prone to fall back on the advice of Engineer Keating. I am not an engineer and have no right to say that the gentleman employed by the city is not exceedingly clever: all I can conscientiously say is that I have never seen anything clever that he ever did, and I am fairly acquainted with his record here and elsewhere. He has been preaching to us the necessity of a tunnel and the danger of our present system. He has told us a dozen times in the most unmistakable terms that the conduit was unsafe; now that the thing has risen at the most inopportune time, and the city is placed in the most disadvantageous light, what do we find? That sand had been permitted to accumulate in the conduit at a depth of from fifteen to twenty inches. A water-logged plank some six or eight feet long, three inches thick and some fifteen inches wide had drifted into the conduit, the Lord only knowshow, and stood upright embedded in the sand, obstructing the course of the water and probably causing the upheaval. Engineer Keating during all the time that he was warning us of the danger, was failing to inspect the pipe; in fact, it appears that the pipe had not been inspected since the beginning of April. Engineer Keating may be a very clever man, but he cannot be a very conscientious officer if with his mind filled with phantoms of another upheaval or some such disaster he did not have the pipe properly inspected. He is the man to blame. Had his dreams of disaster impressed him at all he would have had his officers cleaning the pipe and taking proper precautions to prevent the miserable condition of things that now exists. I think that this convicts Engineer Keating of being a thoroughly incompetent person and we should not rashly rush to such a man for a solution of our trouble. The evidence is before us, the results are everywhere apparent, and we have a right to say that Engineer Keating is to blame. Was he anxious to prove that his theory was right by non-inspection of the pipe, or does he, like Architect Lennox, desire to build a monument to himself at the expense of Toronto? If so, was it clever or conscientious for him to sacrifice the interests of the public in order to demonstrate that he knew exactly what would happen, or was he, like the rest of us, incapable of judging? Either horn of the dilemma places Engineer Keating in a very unpleasant position.

Besides advocating the gravitation system, I have frequently pointed out that to get pure water from the lake we should force it through the conduit, not pull it through. Everyone knows that when water is being forced through instead of being pumped through, every hole or place of leakage forces water out of the pipe into the surrounding water, while when it is being pumped or sucked through, every place of leakage has the contaminated water sucked into the pipe and mixed with the water that is being pumped. It is evident to me, and I think it should be evident to every thinking person, that unless the tunnel scheme is adapted the water should be forced from the Island or some place as remote as possible from the pumping-station, instead of being sucked across the bay in the present unscientific manner. An engine of fifty-horse power could lift the water at a station on the Island into a reservoir six feet higher than the level of the bay at the pumping-house well at the wharf, and by gravitation the water would force itself through the bay, certainly preventing the incorporation of impurities during its progress from the pumping-station on the Island to the pumping-station on the wharf.

Supposing a hole as big as a man's hand were in the pipe, the water being pushed across, it would simply mean an escape of a certain amount of the water in the pipe. If it is being sucked across, it would mean the intaking at that point of impurities. Such a station as I speak of would mean the personal supervision of officers at what is practically the intake point, and a half a dozen pipes might lead to the Island reservoir, thus preventing the frightful suction and current of one pipe, which at present is buried in the dirt beneath the lake, where all the filth is naturally deposited by storms and currents. Such a station might

provide the whole Island with water and a different sanitary condition there, as well as preserve us from such accidents as we are now the victims of, and guard us against the incoming dirt through fissures in the pipe, without increasing the cost of pumping.

In the bay and on the lower levels around the Island are now deposits of filth, the bottom of which cannot be reached by an oar or any ordinary rod. These yellowish mixtures of sand and the solid portions of the sewage are filthy beyond description. Are we to continue sucking them in, or are we to change our system and force our water from the Island to the mainland? This is the question more than that of tunnel or no tunnel. There must be a policy with regard to this and the citizens should have a meeting to discuss the matter, and at this meeting all those who know anything about it should be asked to state their experience. Mr. Edward Hanlan and many other Islanders of known experience who are thoroughly well aware of the results of suction as opposed to force, should speak. Mr. John R. Barber, one of the most prominent manufacturers in Canada and probably one of the best posted men with regard to water machinery and hydraulics, is prepared to demonstrate his theory of forcing the water through the pipe and should be asked to explain his methods. On behalf of Mr. Barber and guided by several engineers, I have tried

its teeth, or else must have a very large and influential voice in the framing of some new method of dealing with copyright. All the printers and publishers of Canada are being ruined by the present miserably inadequate provisions, and now that we have taken hold of the matter we will stay with it to the bitter end. If we cannot have regulations of our own we will have none, and with none the reformed pirates who are now the respectable publishers of the United States and the scalpers who are doing business with queer conditions in England, will probably meet their Waterloo. We have asked nothing that is unfair; we propose to accept nothing that is unjust. SATURDAY NIGHT is one of the few publications in America that endeavor never to infringe the copyright law. Its stories, its pictures and everything are purchased under the copyright law. Others have found methods of using matter that should be paid for, without recognizing this law, and we are not disposed to continue to do "legitimate" business under the present conditions. If we cannot have a law that will equalize the burden and if publishers are not protected who pay, then like the others we will cease paying. Personally I do not believe that the Berne convention is binding on Canada. No lawsuit has ever been won or even prosecuted to a finish under that convention, and if we are to become a nation of scalpers it is just as well for us to start in. As a matter of custom and

dull that no stranger will linger here from Saturday until Monday if he can get a train that will take him away. Is it not time the new hotel scheme was revived?

Considerable comment has been excited by the strictures made by the Winnipeg Tribune upon Principal Grant's letter with regard to Separate schools and the Manitoba situation in general. I must admit that my sympathies are with the Winnipeg Tribune. It has a knowledge of local conditions and all the circumstances connected with the passage of the law which has caused all this turmoil, that Principal Grant cannot be supposed to have. Rev. Principal Grant is a gentleman of very wide knowledge and is no doubt the superior of the Winnipeg Tribune's editor in a theoretical grasp of educational questions, yet we must admit that theorists and travelers are apt to make mistakes and to generalize in a way in which they would not particularize if they were residents of the locality concerned. There are few more popular orators in Canada than Rev. Principal Grant, yet I have heard him talk over the heads of his audience and fail to make himself understood. I imagine that the defect in his equipment was a lack of knowledge of the locality. Admitting that this is the defect in the matter and manner of Rev. Principal Grant's deliverance re Manitoba, how important it must be for all the other provinces of Canada to refrain from in-

games to make him noticeable. Surely we have a right to utter the prayer, God save us from any more Merciers or from any monuments that commemorate and emblemize achievements deserving rather of political purgatory than of being perpetuated in bronze or marble.

The newspapers tell us that Hon. Mr. Laurier has been thanking God that there is not an Orangeman amongst the Liberals. This utterance was said to have been made at Chicoctini. Mr. Laurier is certainly losing his head or is feeling the lack of advisers like Mr. James Sutherland, M.P. of Oxford, who was thought to have infused more sense into the Liberal management than any man on that side of politics. If Mr. Laurier had carefully concealed his distaste of Orangemen he would by no means have been suspected of being one of them or of endorsing their methods, and as he is a past master in concealing his opinions in other matters of much more importance, it is strange that he went out of his way to insult so large a body of men. The Orangemen of Ontario and of the other provinces are by no means satisfied with the present Government, and might have voted for Mr. Laurier's candidate had he been more candid as a leader and had they defined their position as opponents of Separate schools in Manitoba. Now there is nothing left for a self-respecting Orangeman but to thank God that Mr. Laurier is not their leader and never can be. It is unfortunate that the lines of the coming campaign are being drawn by men who are educated to make public speeches of an inflammatory and unwholesome character. Possibly Mr. Laurier has felt that his Quebec hearers desired a little more cayenne pepper in his utterances. We can appreciate the difficulty that he must feel in talking around everything while avoiding an expression of opinion on matters of supreme importance. Yet is it possible to highly esteem a man who in this manner denounces a large section of the community after he has proven himself lacking in that courage which has so long demanded of him an expression of opinion on a principle? It is never clever to denounce people either as a nationality or a religious or political sect. Such denunciations bring upon the head of a leader the proper disapproval of men who hate to be classed together as unfit for the society of Grits. The Conservative party sometimes says nasty things about the Liberals which must recoil upon themselves, yet those who belong to the Liberal party are not so proud or so virtuous even in their own estimation that they feel flattered when a man like Mr. Laurier says there is not an Orangeman amongst them. Orangeman may have made mistakes; it is a society which is at least an exponent of a great principle; it has attracted to its membership those who would like to see less pandering to the Church of Rome, and must necessarily number amongst its adherents many honest and capable men. If the mainspring of Orangeism be bigotry, fanaticism, let it not be forgotten that its opponents have created this society by going to the other extreme and manifesting their own bigotry and fanaticism.

Mr. Laurier has made a great mistake if he is correctly reported, and if his further utterances are on the same line and the further conduct of Premier Bowell be on the line that he has laid down, it should not be at all surprising to the community if the Orangemen and pronounced Protestants of this country are forced to establish a party of their own to offset the balance of power now held by the French-Canadians. The Orangemen have been laughed at because they have always been the adherents of one party or the other: not always, as has been supposed, the adjunct of the Conservative party, for in the Maritime Provinces they have been directly the opposite. In the future they may so place themselves that they shall not be the football of either party nor, as French-Canadians have sometimes been, the scourge of a party, but may in justice and moderation exhibit a solid front which will prevent French Canada from being able to trade off our liberties and vote away our cash. There are many who are awaiting with impatience the time when this changed attitude of the Orange body will make it a more distinct influence in politics, and such words as those of Hon. Mr. Laurier it must be remembered are only intended to prevent this, for he evidently would be glad to see them continue to be nothing but a wing of the Tory organization.

Hon. J. C. Patterson, who has gone to Winnipeg as the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, is personally one of the most popular men in Ontario. From an intimate connection with the people of the Prairie Province I have shared their prejudice in favor of a local man and think the Government made a great mistake in not appointing W. B. Scarth, who is intensely popular in the Conservative party and amongst the people of Winnipeg. However, the contest for the office was so keen amongst the men of Manitoba that it seemed wise to the Government to appoint an outsider, and as the official plum is going to someone not a Manitoban there is not the slightest doubt that Hon. J. C. Patterson is most deserving of the place. He is a man known to everybody as generous almost to a fault, urbane and tactful in his contact with the public, wise and strong in his bearing, and in every way suited to the well marked preferences of Western people. I venture to prophesy that at the end of his term he will be one of the most popular men in the Western country, ranking high in the hearts of the



THE MANDOLIN PLAYER.

to make the city understand this thing, and yet the theory has been entirely ignored, except when Engineer Keating reported adversely on the most puerile grounds. Surely we are not now going to rush to Engineer Keating, who has a right to be blamed for our disaster, in order to inaugurate with a rush a new system, when he has shown himself thoroughly incompetent to handle the old one.

Let meetings be held and the methods of other cities explained before we dash into digging a hole in the ground which might provide us with no more safety than that we already have to enjoy. The same carelessness which caused the upheaval of the pipe might tear out the bricks of a tunnel and entomb the whole conduit with the filth which lies many feet deep at the bottom of the bay and which would be above the tunnel.

Worst of all in the indictment against Engineer Keating is the fact that the conduit once before rose to the surface, a disaster which could have been prevented had there been an automatic bell in the pumping-well to warn the Engineer when water was out of the pipe and air was being sucked in. After some three years the same accident occurs, and still we find that the whole affair was caused by the continued absence of a ten-dollar appliance. Let Mr. Keating sit up on his stool and explain why he has drawn his salary without doing some thinking for the citizens!

Copyright is not a subject interesting in a strictly selfish way to the Canadian public perhaps, but it is one of very great importance to the Canadian publisher. I doubt if one reader in fifty has followed the discussion of our rights in this matter, but we have to thank Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper for having stated at one of the Industrial Fair luncheons that he at least appreciates the gravity of the situation and is disposed to insist upon Canada having some status in the publishing business of the world. I think I can say without fear of contradiction that Canada either proposes to ignore the Berne convention—under which we are largely working—and to take the bit in

fair dealing many thousands of dollars have been paid to foreign artists, authors and publishers, but this will be paid no more if we are forced to declare war against the pin-headed people who are clamoring in Great Britain in order that we may be made the victims of the sharp-sighted pirates of the United States.

The Fair is over and, as usual, it has been a great success. While we all prize the Industrial Exhibition there is always a feeling of relief when the two weeks of its continuance have expired and the weather has permitted the attendance which its attractiveness deserves. Three or four hundred thousand dollars must have been left in Toronto by the exhibitors and visitors, and though share of this may come to the average Torontonian very indirectly, yet it comes. The habit that our country friends are learning of buying their supplies in this city has, I am told, grown to such an extent that the profits of our merchants are largely increasing every year. So far has the fame of the Fair spread that American guests are much more numerous than in former years, and as we all know, their expenditures are exceedingly liberal. It may be the street railway, the hotels, the restaurants and others of that sort that get the greater share of the money just now, but as water finds its level so this money later on finds its place in the pockets of everyone concerned in the city's prosperity. Country places, too, feel the advantage, though still more indirectly, and the advantage to the farmer of seeing the best stock and the best implements and learning something of the best methods, is incalculable. With one accord all the towns and cities of Canada admit—and their admission is backed by that of American cities—that our Industrial Fair is the best managed thing of the sort in America, probably in the world. It is not strange that we are proud of it, and the only sad thought in connection with the whole matter is that Toronto, which is always attractive and which might always during the summer months be crowded with visitors, insists on legislating them out of the city limits by making our Sunday so unendurably

interfering in the affairs of that province when Principal Grant, a friendly critic and adviser, fails to reach the heart of the matter, though he has many times visited the Western provinces and is better informed than the average politician as to its necessities. If his utterances are not quite satisfactory and the methods he advises not suitable, surely men who are not educationalists at all, men who have never seen Manitoba, men who have never felt the impulse which runs through the Western people, should mind their own business and let Manitoba alone.

Probably the same advice would apply to the people outside of Quebec who are denouncing the idea prevalent there of erecting a monument in honor of Count Honore Mercier. We know Hon. Mr. Mercier only by the unenviable reputation he achieved as probably the most unblushing and flagrant brawler that this country has ever known. If monuments are to be erected to such men, let Quebec follow her own system and honor those who are the product or exponents of her methods. Instances are not lacking in which other provinces have honored men whose political morality was not much better than that of Mr. Mercier. It would almost seem as if many politicians throughout Canada were living lives not much more lofty and were pursuing ideals almost as degraded as those which marked the brief and eccentric career of the man whom the Pope was pleased to honor. It is quite probable that the people of Quebec think that the Pope's judgment ought to be good enough for them, yet if they build a monument to this daring despoiler of the public treasury they will only accentuate the mistake made by the head of the Catholic church and in cold blood endorse methods which, while admittedly prevalent in Canada, will always be held as disgraceful so long as a particle of political morality lasts. Such a monument would teach those who are preparing for political life that honor and sincerity are never recognized in those who are failures, while dishonor and flamboyant demagogery will be honored and monumentalized if the political gambler only wins enough

people with Hugh John Macdonald, Isaac Campbell and that prince of good fellows, Lieut.-Governor Mackintosh of the North-West Territories.

Mr. J. T. Johnston, whose suit against the Consumers' Gas Company, undertaken on behalf of the citizens, has been so successful, deserves the thanks of everyone who has been made the victim of over-charges. As nearly every citizen of Toronto has suffered, nearly everyone has reason to be grateful. There are too few men like Mr. Johnston—men who are willing to undertake a crusade against a powerful corporation rather than peacefully submit to injustice, imposition and indignities. The Consumers' Gas Company have too long considered themselves masters of the situation. Now their rates must be lowered and the citizens considered, or they will have more lawsuits than it will pay them to attend to. It would be a graceful thing for those who have long been afflicted by too much Consumers' Gas Company to give Mr. Johnston a dinner and, while congratulating him and talking the matter over, to formulate a scheme to prevent any further violation of the agreement entered into with the people of Toronto by the Consumers' Gas Company when they started business.

The address of Dr. Parkin, the new principal of Upper Canada College, delivered at the dinner tendered him by the National Club a week ago Thursday night, was the finest deliverance with regard to the higher education of boys that I have ever heard. For some reason he was but scantly reported by the daily newspapers, though he had an audience that was influential enough to have demanded full recognition for his able effort. It is not pleasant to notice that a murder trial or some sensational episode seems of greater importance to the editors of papers than the speech of a man whose conspicuous ability has been recognized in all parts of the British empire. However, we must be thankful for the space that was given him, and still more grateful to the National Club for having made the speech a possibility. The National Club more than once has demonstrated the fact that it has not forgotten its mission, and never, I imagine, has it done a more popular thing than in making Dr. Parkin its guest. When in SATURDAY NIGHT I undertook the difficult and thankless task of saying that Upper Canada College needed reorganization, not one of the daily papers echoed the cry for better management and for better men. One at least conspicuously opposed the movement. The change came, however, and I am told by some of the parents who have been up at the College entering their boys as pupils that there is really a marvelous change in the sentiment and impulse of the place. I am quite sure that the school is entering a new era and that its popularity will be equal to if not greater than during any period of its past. There is no reason why a great Boys' School should not be established in Toronto. If the whole English-speaking world had been searched for the best man to take charge of it, no one could have been found more suitable than Dr. Parkin. Perhaps it is not the wisest course to anticipate too much or to dwell too effusively upon the new principal, yet what I have expressed is what all the friends of the institution feel, and its opening days justify the feeling. Moreover, with due justice to Hon. Mr. Ross, Minister of Education, let it not be forgotten that his share in reorganization and his eloquent voice in recommending Dr. Parkin to the confidence of the public are significant enough to prove that the institution while separated from the Government is not out of sympathy with it.

DON.

Money Matters.

The work of completing the new Hamilton Iron and Steel Company's establishment is being actively prosecuted and within three months it is expected that operations will be commenced. I regard this as one of the most important industries that has been undertaken in Ontario for a decade. If it fulfills the promises of success made in its behalf it will quicken many lines of industry in this province and do more to develop this part of Canada than the establishment of any other industry could do. The new works will have a capacity of 200 tons per day of pig iron produced from native ore. Mining and railway interests will profit largely if the new venture is a success.

Dullness which sometimes settles on stocks from no special cause seems to be the chief characteristic of the markets just now. There is hardly anything doing and a weakness is apparent in nearly all the stocks. I do not think this will last long. A new buying wave will be due shortly.

Commercial Cable stock has gone down to 165 from 167 last week. This is not much of a decline considering the slump in other stocks. I recommend purchase at along these figures. This stock is heading for very much higher prices and will prove itself a money-maker for those who accumulate stock now. It may not rise right away, but by the turn of the year a good deal higher figure may be expected.

Toronto Railway will, in my opinion, do to buy on any decline. It will show fair profits to buyers who afford numerous opportunities for getting in and out. I think if it could be got at, say, 83, it ought to be bought.

Bell Telephone is keeping steady around 159. The talk of competition, so industriously circulated some time ago, has died out. I am inclined to be friendly to this stock. Considering everything it ought to do a few points better. C. P. R. is coming to be more favorably regarded on account of the certainty of heavy traffic receipts for the next eight or nine months and the prospect of a better demand for land, of which the company is a large holder. The improvement in the affairs of the company comes from the far West. Manitoba and the Territories have garnered large crops of wheat, peas, oats, barley and flax; the ranchers are sending out cattle and other live stock as they have never done before, and the trade revival in British Columbia, arising from the great boom in mining, is also contributing increasingly to railway traffic. While I do not see much prospect of the company declaring the old dividend on the common stock, I am free to admit that the affairs of the corporation have vastly improved in the past three months, and that some dividends may be forthcoming at the end of the next half-year.

ESAU.

Rising in His Profession.

Washington Star.

"He is a rising young author."

"Yes," was the reply.

"Every time I go to see him I find he has economized by moving one story higher."

Social and Personal.

Mr. S. Squire Sprigge, Mr. John Ross and Dr. Richard Sisley have arrived from London, Eng., and are staying at the Queen's Hotel, the object of their visit being the marriage of Mr. Sprigge to Miss M. A. B. Moss, which will take place on Monday afternoon next at St. James' cathedral. Miss Moss is the second daughter of Mr. Charles Moss, Q.C., and Mr. Sprigge, the eldest son of the late Mr. Squire Sprigge of Watton, Eng., is sub-editor of *The Lancet*, the leading English medical paper, and was for many years private secretary to Sir Russell Reynolds, president of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

Mrs. Crawford Scadding of 311 Sherbourne street will be At Home on Monday, September 30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, October 1 and 2.

Dr. and Miss Capon have returned from their European and Continental trip.

Mrs. W. J. McFarland and Miss McFarland of Markdale passed through the city this week on their return from their Continental trip.

Mrs. Fred Rose and daughter have returned after a pleasant trip to Calgary and Banff.

Mrs. Benjamin Johnston of New York is visiting Mrs. P. Jamieson of Ellangowan, Rosedale.

Miss Gendron, who has been visiting friends in Montreal for six weeks, has returned and will be At Home on the first and third Thursdays in the month.

Miss Emma Patterson of Pembroke, who has been staying with Miss Smallpeice of Avenue road for the past couple of weeks, has returned home.

Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre of Bloor street and her sister, Miss Maud Stevenson of Guelph, have taken their wheels with them to Rochester and are spending a couple of weeks there with their sister, Mrs. Wallace C. Harrington.

Mrs. Beardmore of Chudleigh gave a dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Duncombe on Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. J. and Miss Cawthra, Mr. Bridgman Simpson, Miss Lindsay, Mr. G. H. Aylmer Brooke and Capt. Sears being asked to meet them.

Capt. Sears, who was so popular whilst at the Fort, is Major Foster's guest for a few days.

The gentlemen of 32 John street have issued cards for an informal hop on Thursday evening at 15 Peter street. The lady patronesses are Mrs. Zimmerman, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Higgins and Miss Denzil.

The season at Ellesmere House has been a very pleasant one, and many are loth to leave their Island home, but the cool winds of autumn may be looked for soon, and we are not all so deafant of them as that hale and cheery Islander, Captain Armstrong, who is usually the first to settle on the Island in the spring and the last to quit it in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson are to winter at Mrs. Mason's, Spadina road. They have leased their residence on St. Joseph street to Mr. and Mrs. Greenshields from Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham of Maple-croft and the Misses Gooderham are home from the seaside. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gooderham and family have also returned from their summer holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Street Macklem, Mrs. Becher and Miss Macklem went over to the wedding of Miss Maud Macklem at Chippawa this week.

The engagement of Mr. George Minty and Miss Weatherston, daughter of Mr. Weatherston of the Intercolonial, is one of the Winnipeg scraps of news that will interest Torontonians.

Sir Frank Smith is looking very well, and is one of the bright and interested visitors at this year's Exhibition.

Mr. S. G. Barker of Montreal is visiting his Toronto relatives.

Manager McIntosh, M. B. of C., Chatham, was in town on Wednesday en route from New York.

The street car service on Avenue road is a very great boon to Friday visitors who are not fortunate enough to be independent of the trolleys. Some very charming hostesses will now be able to welcome their friends much more frequently in that locality.

Miss Mab Moss's wedding will take place at St. James' next Monday, and will be followed by a reception at the family residence on Jarvis street.

A great many people have reverently entered the widely flung portals of St. James' parish church, familiarly known as St. James' cathedral, during the last fifteen days. "Does one pay?" asked a smart-looking man from the States. "Nothing but respect to the house of God. Take off your hat," rejoined the verger, and the stranger seemed to witt in a moment, doffed his hat, and with no trace of his former aggressiveness set out on the tour of the aisles. There is one feature in St. James' which has a special interest for Toronto's own people, who have lived in the best circles for even a score of years. This is the succession of monumental tablets and memorial windows which one sees in a walk around the aisles and which suggest many regretful memories of the men and women of whose death they are constant reminders. Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Kerr and Mrs. Hodges each have their circle of loving friends, who often give them retrospective thoughts. The beautiful Nordheimer memorial font, which has been admired by every visitor, arouses in those who know its *raison d'être* the truest sympathy for the master and lovely mistress of Gleneddyth. Soldiers and soldiers' wives and daughters glance with regret at the tablets placed on the west wall to the son of Athery, Ensigns Browne and Akers, and Captain Gamble of Pinchurst, whose death in a far-off land was so sad and so glorious. The

At Home and Abroad.



ADRAHN

PA.—Say, Maria, it's time to quit this bathing business; the water's too cold to suit me. Ma.—There's no pleasing you men. You're always complaining of being in hot water at home!

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Mrs. Donaldson of St. Paul, Mr. and Miss Oaler of York Mills, Miss Barron of Lindsay, and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson of Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Minnie Irwin, who have been visiting Mrs. Sullivan of College street, left last week for their home in New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason have returned from England and are at the Arlington, where I hear they will probably remain for the winter, as Mrs. Mason is not yet equal to the demands made on the mistress of so popular a home as Ermeleigh. Master Douglas went this week to Bishop Ridley school. Miss Amy Mason is visiting Miss Monck in the country.

Mr. Peter McGill, Chief Deputy Collector Internal Revenue, Milwaukee, was in town for a few days this week visiting friends.

Miss Marie Hughes, daughter of Mr. B. B. Hughes, has received the degree of LL.B. from St. Andrew's University, Scotland. Miss Hughes is the first Canadian thus honored and it is owing to her energy that Toronto became an examination center for this ancient seat of learning.

Mr. B. Morton Jones, who a few months ago entered a law partnership at Ottawa and Kemptonville and removed to the latter place, spent a few days visiting his family here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Seldon of 56 Czar street will be At Home to their friends on Thursdays after September 1.

Mrs. Sailbury of Smith's Falls is the guest of Mrs. R. J. Sailbury, 194 Bleecker street.

Miss Florence Rosseaux of Hamilton is visiting Miss Scanlon of Bloor street west.

Mrs. Marcia Mackay of Close avenue and Miss Mabel Marter of Elm Grove, Parkdale, have returned home from Muskoka, where they have been spending the last eight weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Beverley Robinson and Miss Mary Robinson have come back to town. I hear an *on dit* regarding the latter dainty little lady which will, if confirmed, set loose an avalanche of congratulations on her pretty self.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blackburn of London is visiting Mrs. G. Allan Case.

Mr. Peter G. McArthur, editor of New York *Truth*, and Miss Mabel C. Waters of Niagara-on-the-Lake were married on Wednesday at four o'clock by Rev. Mr. Garratt, in Old St. Mark's. Miss Waters wore a lovely gown of white silk, with veil and orange wreath. She was led to the altar and given away by her brother, Mr. C. Waters of St. Thomas. Miss Clara Waters was maid of honor, and Miss Ethel Reid of St. Kitts bridesmaid. Mr. Duncan McKellar of New York was best man. The ushers were Messrs. Reid and Best. The church was filled with friends and was beautifully decorated with marguerites and amilax. A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents and a *dejeuner* served, after which Mr. and Mrs. McArthur left for New York at seven o'clock. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. C. Waters and Miss Furlong of St. Thomas, Mrs. James Smith of Chicago, Mrs. Swift and Mrs. Baker of Buffalo, Mr. Alexander Smith of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. McArthur of London, Mr. Ed. and Miss Reid of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Best, Mr. Garratt, Misses Margaret and Belle Blain of St. Catharines, Miss Fitzette, Mrs. Hergnan of Chicago, and Miss L. Manafort.

Mr. and Mrs. Beau Jarvis have removed to No. 436 Jarvis street, the house lately occupied by Lady Robinson.

The change of base effected by Professors Fletcher and Dale has rather a *puss-in-the-corner* look. The new professor of Toronto University is in his place this week.

Captain D. M. Robertson is home, after a delightful trip to the west coast.

International Golf Tournament Sept. 18, 19, 20. Send for particulars.

FALL OPENING

Grand display of French Millinery and Dress Goods on Tuesday, September 17, and following days.

The latest Parisian styles in Costumes and Mantles.

The newest designs in handsome Cheney Gros Grain Silks, Brocades and Duchess Satins, in all the new colors.

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THE NEWPORT OF CANADA

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Sept. 14, 1895

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

3

Social and Personal.

Lady Thompson and her family returned to Derwent Lodge this week, after an absence of several months.

Mrs. Wm. Mackenzie has been spending some time with relatives at Lindsay and Surgeon Lake. Mrs. P. H. Drayton spent a short time with her, *en voyageur*, last week. The Misses Mackenzie did not return with Mr. Mackenzie from England.

Mr. and Mrs. Farncombe have been visiting friends in town. Mrs. Farncombe (*nee* Kirkpatrick) has been welcome in her old circle, who have given some informal affairs to enable her to see as many of her friends as possible. A tea at Sylvan Towers this afternoon to a few friends is to be such an occasion.

Mrs. Wellington Wallace is visiting in the country.

Friends in town have received invitations to the marriage of Miss Blanche E. Washburne to Mr. Thomas Henry Oswald, on Tuesday evening, September 17.

Mr. Foote, of the Quebec *Chronicle*, a hand some and hearty Eastern journalist, paid a visit to Toronto this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Hines will be At Home on Monday and Tuesday, September 16 and 17, from four to ten o'clock, at 18 Montague place.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones, who have been away all summer in Europe, are returning home to North street immediately.

Mr. C. H. Gooderham, Mr. George Carruthers and others have gone for a short season's shooting.

Miss Coleman, who has been visiting for some time in Toronto and vicinity, went home to San Francisco last month. Miss Coleman is a daughter of Senator Coleman, one of California's leading men.

Mrs. Bacher of Sylvan Towers spent a few days in Niagara this week.

Mrs. Edward Hebbel and family, of 51 Elm avenue, return immediately from their summer residence to town.

The social event of the week in Port Dover took place on Tuesday, September 3, at 6 p.m., in the Methodist church, which was crowded to the doors to witness the marriage of Miss Laura Ellis, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Ellis, to Mr. Harry D. Petrie of Simcoe, by Rev. C. T. Bennett, B.A., pastor of the church, assisted by Revs. Saunders and Cookman, former pastors. The bride was charmingly gowned in ivory white satin, *en train*, trimmed with orange blossoms, the veil being of embroidered Brussels net caught up with orange blossoms; bouquet of white china asters and roses. Miss Ellis, as maid of honor, was gowned in white Shanghai silk trimmed with cut pearls; bouquet of cream roses and china asters. Miss Grace Brandon, first bridesmaid, wore cream satin cashmere trimmed with cream silk honeycomb lace and Trilly bows; bouquet of pink roses and asters. Miss Nellie Petrie of Simcoe, sister of the groom, acted as second bridesmaid, her gown being of cream cashmere trimmed with silk and point lace; bouquet of cream roses and asters. The bridesmaids' head-dresses consisted of white satin ribbon and wild roses. Messrs. Hugh P. and Robt. Innes of Simcoe and Mr. C. Ellis were groomsmen. The ushers were Messrs. Robt. Innes of Simcoe, Charles and Robt. Ellis and Jack Brandon of Ancaster. The groom's gifts to the bridesmaids were stick-pins set with pearls. After the ceremony the guests were driven to Holmfirth, the handsome residence of the bride's parents on Silver Lake, where a most sumptuous repast was served to about seventy-five guests. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and handsome presents. If the old adage "happy is the bride the sun shines on" is correct, Mrs. Petrie should be happy indeed, as the day was an ideal September day, warm, sunny and bright. About 11:30 p.m. the happy couple, amid showers of rice and a multitude of good wishes, took the train for Montreal and elsewhere, their tour extending over a couple of weeks.

Miss Belle Stewart of Bobcaygeon is visiting Mrs. J. J. Dixon of Wellesley street. Mrs. J. F. Young of Howard street gave an At Home on Tuesday for Miss Stewart, whose friends are glad to welcome her. Quite a number of Bobcaygeon people have been down for the exhibition.

Mrs. and the Misses Strathy have closed their Niagara cottage and returned to Toronto this week.

A yachting party goes over on the Cruiser this afternoon to Fort Niagara, on the invitation of Colonel and Mrs. Smith. I believe the affair on the *tapis* is a card party for this evening. Mrs. Smith visited the exhibition twice this week with friends.

Master Sherwood Hodgins, eldest son of Mr. Hodgins of Cloynewood, left this day week for England, having been fortunate enough to receive one of the nominations to a naval cadetship. He will doubtless be successful in passing the necessary examinations, and should he do so will make one of the handsomest embryo middies in the "Queen's navy."

Niagara-on-the-Lake

Mr. J. Geale Dickson left for Rye Beach on Monday, where he will spend a week or two. From there he will go on to Muskoka.

Miss Annie Paffard returned to New York on Saturday.

Miss Mary Hewgill has returned to New York.

Miss Besse Dickson left for Muskoka last Saturday.

Thanks to the untiring energy of Mr. Charles Hunter, Capt. Dickson, Mr. Scott Griffin, Mr. Stewart Houston, and one or two others, the golf tournament which began on Thursday of last week on Niagara's very pretty links was immensely successful. The entry list was a long one, the weather was exquisite, and those who remembered last year's storms and the failure the tournament was in



Coats, Capes and Prices

THE beauty of style and reliability of material will convince anyone of our leadership in mantle stocks this season. And a good deal of inducement will also come from prices.

Black Serge Reeser Jacket, velvet collar, stitched lapel, \$3.

Black Serge Reeser, velvet collar, bound edge, \$5.

Black Serge Reeser, Antschan collar and edge, \$5.

Black, Brown, Blue, Heavy Beaver Cloth Reeser, \$6.

Tight-fitting Black Serge, braided back, front, collar and cuff, \$7.50.

Heavy Black Beaver Reeser, velvet collar, bound, \$8.

Black Serge, Chesterfield style, satin lapel and faced, \$10.

Over 1,750 Jackets in Serge, Beaver, Curls, Chin-chella, Covert Cloth, in prices from \$3.50 to \$20.

Golf Capes, in nubby tweeds and plain cloths, brown, gray, blue, fawn, \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6, up to \$15.

The newest garment out, the Havelock, with decorative cap in double twill serge, or soft cloth, chin-chella, etc., \$7.50, \$10, \$12.50, \$15.

Black, Fawn, Brown, Blue, Gray Capes, shaped up in all the latest styles from Berlin and Paris, \$5.

\$3.25, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5, and up to \$85.

Reversible Chin-chella Cloth Reeser, blue, brown and fawn, \$10.

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consequence, appreciated the turn of fortune's wheel—and both the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack were unusually well represented. Some remarkably good golf was witnessed and fully appreciated by the gay crowd of fashionables who silently and breathlessly followed as closely as possible behind the players. The length of the course, the rough common, the moats and ravines, even the steep ramparts of Fort Mississauga and the ploughed fields around Fort George were uncompromisingly taken as they came, so that every stroke might be watched. The matches from Thursday to Saturday were all worth following, but they sank into insignificance before the finals for the championship between Mr. Smith of Toronto and Chicago's famous crack, Mr. Macdonald. Except during the races or a sham battle when the militia have been in camp, the old commons have never been covered by such a crowd as crossed it on Saturday, nothing daunted by the thunder and lightning which threatened ominously but finally passed over the lake. And, strange to say, it was a silent crowd, for the golfing rules make it a breach of etiquette for anyone to speak above a whisper during a match. The interest, however, was intense, for rarely have any two played such a strangely even game. Seventeen out of the eighteen holes were halved. Between the last two Mr. Smith played one ball into a field and another over the bank, two unfortunate strokes which lost him the match by only one stroke. Mr. Macdonald, consequently, won the trophy. The contest for the ladies' championship was another breathless one. Miss White of Quebec and Miss Small of Toronto brought with them a sufficiently good record to be alarming opponents on any links, while the announcement that Mrs. Hobart Chatfield Taylor of Chicago had

entered was received with the general conviction that she would assuredly add one more to her long list of victories. Mrs. Irving Cameron of Toronto, Miss Louise Worthington and Miss Madeleine Geale of the Niagara Club also entered. Of the six, the two who were left in the finals were: Mrs. Taylor and Miss Geale, who played so evenly that up to the last it was either's match. Mrs. Taylor, however, got into one or two unfortunate hazards and lost by six strokes, the score being sixty-five and seventy-one for the nine holes. Mrs. Taylor played a very pretty game, but far prettier than the game was the player. She is exceedingly handsome, tall and graceful, with a charming face, pretty light-brown hair and a warm, soft, nut-brown complexion. And her manner is as frank and charming as her face. During her short stay at the Queen's she made many friends and admirers.

St. Mark's church was crowded to the very doors on Wednesday afternoon of last week, when Miss Florence Geale Dickson, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Geale Dickson, was married to Mr. Edmund Wyly Grler, one of Toronto's best known artists. Long before two o'clock the church was full, and when the bridal party arrived there was barely standing room anywhere. And beautiful indeed the young bride looked in her exquisite gown of white brocaded satin, over which hung in soft light folds the customary veil of tulle, fastened with orange blossoms. Her bridesmaids were her sister, Miss Besse Dickson, and her cousin, Miss Evelyn Dickson, both of whom were charmingly pretty in gowns of white over mauve, with large white hats of *chiffon* and ostrich plumes. The groomsmen were Capt. Laurie and Mr. E. Cronyn. Two tiny little maid-s—*the sweet little fair-haired children of Mrs. Melfort Bolton*—in white and mauve, and large picture

An Athlete.



He—There goes that Strapper girl. They say she's athletic. She don't look like it. She—No! Well, she threw over three men this summer.

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CHAPTER L.

"How goodness heightens beauty."

"O what a Christmas Day," cries Betty, springing out of bed and rushing to the window.

"You will catch your death of cold," says Susan sleepily; but in spite of this protest, or rather in despite of it, she too jumps out of her cosy nest and hurries to the window.

"Oh, what a morning!" breathes she.

And indeed the world seems all afire to day. The sun is glittering upon the snow, and the snow is casting back at it lights scarcely less brilliant. All the trees and shrubs are gaily decked with snowy wraps and armlets, whilst here and there through the universal white, big branches of holly berries, scarlet as blood, peep out.

"Out! Yes. But it's cold," says Betty, after a moment or two.

"I told you you would catch cold," says Susan, turning upon her indignantly, though in reality she stands quite as big a chance of meeting the dread as Betty.

"I'll catch you instead!" cries Betty, with full intent. Whereon ensues a combat that might have given the gods pause. A most spirited hunt that takes them around and around the small bedroom a dozen times or more. It is a regular chase. Over the bed, and past the wardrobe, and behind the dressing-table—it was a near shave for Susan that last, and full of complication—but she gets out of it with the loss of only one small china ornament. The very least concession that could be made to the god of Battle.

And now away again! Over the bed once more, and around a chair, deftly directed at the enemy's toes—and . . . After all the very bravest of us can sometimes know defeat, and Susan is at last run to earth between a basket chair and a trunk.

After this they condescend to dress—both a little exhausted, and Betty, I regret to say, jibbing at her bath.

"If it was hot I'd say nothing," says she. "When I'm married I'll have a hot bath in December."

"Who'd marry you?" says Susan, and then, like the immortal parrot, is sorry that she spoke. Showers of icy water descend upon her!

But now breakfast is ready, and they must hasten down, with a last look out of their favorite window at the golden coloring there.

"I suppose it's almost warm where Bonnie is," says Betty, after a slight pause.

"I hope so. Yes. I think so." There is, however, doubt in Susan's tone. It seems impossible to believe any place warm with that snow-burdened garden outside.

"It must be warm," says Betty. "Bonnie could not stand cold like this, and the last accounts were not bad"—this rather doubtfully.

"No. But—" Susan's face, that had been glowing, now loses something of its warmth: "Not good either. Still . . . Betty—" She looks at her sister, "don't you think Mr. Crosby is a man one might depend upon?"

"Oh, I do. I do, indeed," says Betty. "He," earnestly, and with a view to please Susan, "is so ugly that anyone might depend upon him."

"Ugly! He certainly is not ugly," says Susan. "I must say, Betty, I think sometimes you make the most foolish remarks."

"Well, I'll say he's handsome, if you like," says Betty, slightly affronted. "Anyway he has been very good to Bonnie. I suppose that's what makes him handsome in your eyes. And he has been kind too. Could anyone be kinder? And sometimes, Susan, I feel that I love him just as much as you do."

"Oh, I don't love him," says Susan, flushing. "No? Is it gratitude, then? Well, whatever it is you feel, Susan, I feel just the same—because he has been so kind to poor Bonnie."

Susan turns away without replying. And then, "We must go down," says she.

"Well, come," says Betty, a little urgently. "I'm sure I have only been waiting for you, Susan. I wonder what Christmas cards we shall get."

"One from Dom anyway." Mr. Fitzgerald had been summoned home by his guardian for Christmas, much to his disgust.

"Oh, that! But Dom doesn't count!" says Betty, tilting her pretty nose in rather a disdainful fashion.

Breakfast is nearly over, however, before the post arrives. The postman of Curraghclonny has had many delays to day. At every house every resident has given him his "Christmas Box," and sometimes a "stirrup cup" besides, so that by the time he gets to the Rectory he is very considerably the worse for wear. Yet he gives out his letters there with the air of a finished postman, and accepts the Rectory annual five shillings with a bow that would not have disgraced Chesterfield. That his old caubain is on the side of his head, and his articulation somewhat indistinct, detracts in no wise from the dignity of the way in which he delivers his packages and bids Mr. Barry "All th' complaints o' t' season!"

"Oh, here's one from Dom," cries Betty, tearing open her post. "And written all on the back. What on earth has he got to say on a Christmas card? Why didn't he write a letter? My dear Betty, I feel as I write this that you don't know where you are. That shows the great moral difference between you and me. I know where I am, and I wish to heaven I didn't. Old uncle is awfully trying. Puts you back up half a dozen times a minute. I don't believe I'll ever get back; because if he doesn't murder me I shall infallibly murder him, and then where shall we all be! I've written most religiously all over this card (I chose a big one on purpose) so that you cannot, in the usual mean fashion peculiar to girls, send it on again to your dearest friend as a New Year's offering. See how well I know your little ways!"

"Isn't he a beast!" says Betty, with honest over."

meaning. "And it would have done so nicely for old Miss Blake. You see she has sent me one, though I had quite forgotten all about her. I must say Dom is downright malignant. I suppose I'll have to buy her one now. All the rest of mine have 'Happy Christmas' on them, and it does look badly to send a card that for New Year's Day. Dom's has both Christmas and New Year on it, and of course it would have suited beautifully. Oh, Susan," pouncing on a card in Susan's hand, "what a beauty, and nothing written on the back. You will let me have it for Miss Blake, won't you?" "No, no," says Susan hastily. She takes it back quickly from Betty. A little sharp unwellcome blush has sprung into her cheeks.

"Who is it from—James?"

"James! Are you mad?" says Susan. "Fancy my caring for a card from James. Why, here is his, and you can have it to make ducks and drakes of, if you like."

"But that then?" questions Betty, with some pardonable curiosity, pointing at the card denied her.

"It is from Mr. Crosby. Don't you think, Betty, the treacherous color growing deeper, that one should treasure even a card sent by one who has been so good to Bonnie?"

"I do. I do indeed," says Betty earnestly. "And after all, one would treasure a card from most people. Even this," flicking Dom's somewhat contemptuously, "I'll have to treasure, as I can't send it away to anyone. Susan, I wonder if Ella has got any cards besides those we sent her? Shall we go to her this afternoon and ask her?"

"I don't suppose she can have got any," says Susan thoughtfully. "You know she keeps herself so aloof from the world. She had yours and mine certainly, and Carew's."

"Did Carew send her one?"

"I didn't know you?" Susan laughs a little. "I didn't think it was a secret. I went into his room yesterday, and saw an envelope directed to Ella, and said something about it, but I really quite thought he had told you too."

"Well, he didn't! After dinner, Susan, let us run down and see her, and show her our cards."

"Oh, no," says Susan, shrinking a little. "If she had none of her own, it might make her feel—feel lonely."

"That's true," says Betty.

CHAPTER LI.

"WHO WOULD TRUST SLIPPERY CHANCE?"

But after all, Ella has a card of her own, that is not from Susan, or Betty, or Carew! Some hours ago the post brought it to her, and she has gone out into the garden, that is now lovely in its white garments, with the red berries of the holly trees peeping through the snow—to read it, and look at it again.

The walks have been swept clear by Denis, who has come down from Dublin to spend a long (a very long) and happy Christmas week with his wife. A third person in Mrs. Denis's kitchen and private apartments might have questioned about the happiness, but that it is a lively week goes beyond all doubt.

With Ella's card a little lime had come too. Mr. Wyndham was coming down by the afternoon train to see to something for Crosby, who had written to him from Carlsbad, and he hoped to call at the Cottage before his return. Ella reads and re-reads the little note. The afternoon train comes in at one o'clock. It is now after twelve. Soon he will be here! How kind he is to her! How good! And to remember that Christmas card! She had heard Susan and Betty talking of Christmas cards, and they had sent her one, each of them, and Carew had sent one too. They also were kind, so kind, but that Mr. Wyndham should remember her, with all his other friends to think of—

Alone in this dear garden, with no one to hear or see her, she gives way to her mood. Miss Manning has gone up to Dublin to spend her Christmas Day with an old friend, urged thereto by Ella, who, indeed, wished to be alone after her post had come. Now she can walk about here, and speak to her own heart without interruption. Mrs. Denis being engaged in that intellectual game called "words" with her husband. Oh, how happy she feels!

How extraordinarily happy! She laughs aloud, and lifting her arms crosses them with lazy delight behind her head, and amongst the warm furs that encircle her neck. This action draws her head backwards—her eyes upwards—

Upwards! To the top of the wall on that far-distant corner. There her eyes rest as if transfixed—and there grow frozen in this awful horror that has come to her. Where is the happiness now in the eyes—the young, glad joy?

She stands as if stricken into stone, staring into a face that is staring back at her.

On the wall close to the old tree, from which she loves to look into the Rectory garden and wave a handkerchief to the children there to come to her, sits Moore, the man from whom she had fled; the man whom she dreads most of all things upon earth; the man who wanted to marry her!

Oh dear, dear Heaven, is all her good time ended! Such a little, little time, too—such a transient gleam of light! And all so black behind it. Like a flash her life spreads itself out before her. What a childhood! Unmothered, unbeloved! What a cold, terrible girlhood—and then a few short months of quiet rest and calm, and now again the old hideous misery.

It seems impossible for her to remove her eyes from those above her—to move in any way. Her brain grows at last confused, and only two words seem to be clear—to din themselves with a cruel persistency in her ears.

"All is over! All is over!"

They have neither sense nor meaning to her in her present state, but still they go on repeating themselves. "All is over! All, all, all is

The man has caught a branch of the tree now, and with a certain activity, considering the squareness and the bulk of his body, has swung himself into it, and so on to the ground.

He is coming towards her. The girl still stands immovable, as if rooted to the gravel walk; but her mind has returned to her. Alas! It brings no hope with it. This man, who has been a terror to her from her childhood, has now again come into the circle of her daily life. She draws back as he approaches her—her first movement since her frightened eyes met his—and holds up her hands, as a child might, to ward off mischief. This coming face to face with him is a horrible shock as well as an awakening. She had believed herself mistress of her fears of him, though her horror might still obtain, and now, now she knows that both her horror and her fear are still rampant.

"Well, I've found you at last," says the man, advancing across the grass. "And here I! There is something terrible in his tone and in the looks of scorn he casts at the pretty surroundings, beautiful always, though now wrapped in their snowy shrouds. "Four months ago I was here," says he, after a lengthened pause. "I was on your track then, but a mere chance put me off. Four months ago I might have dragged you out of this sink of iniquity, had I but known."

Ella is silent. That day when she had run back from the Rectory and fancied she saw him turn the corner of the road. That fancy had been no delusion then! Ah! why had she played with it?

"Have you nothing to say?" asks he slowly, sullenly, gazing at her with hard, compelling eyes. "No excuse to make, or are you trying to get up a story? I tell you, girl, it will be useless. This speaks for itself." Again he looks around him, at the charming cottage, the tall trees, the dainty garden and winding walks.

"There is no story," says Ella at last. Her voice is dry and husky; she can hardly force the words between her lips.

"You lie!" says the man fiercely. "There is a story and a most—one for you." His eyes light with a sudden fury, and he looks for a moment as though he would willingly fall upon her and choke the life out of her slender body. His manner is distinctly brutal, but yet there is something about it that speaks of honesty. It is rough, cruel, hateful, but honest for all that. A certain belief in himself is uppermost.

He is a tall man, very strong in build, and with strong features too. His dress is that of the comfortable, half-educated artisan; but he shows some neatness in his attire. His shirt is immaculate, his hair well cut, and altogether he might suggest to the unimpassioned observer that he was a man who had dreamt many dreams of rising above the life to which he had been born. He is at all events not an ordinary man of any type, and distinctly one to be feared, if only for the enormous strength he had put forth to fight with his daily surroundings, and with his past (a more difficult enemy still) so as to gain a footing on the ladder that will raise him above his fellows.

The girl shrinks from him, frightened even more by the wild light in his eyes than by his words, and as she shrinks he advances, contempt mingled with menace in his eyes.

"You thought I should never find you," says he, with cruel slowness. "But mine you were from the beginning, and mine you are still."

Ella makes a faint and trembling protest.

"Deny it," cries he. "Deny it if you can! You own mother left you to me. A mother who was ashamed to tell her real name. She left you—a wail, a stray, to my charity, and so, of my charity I bought you through my wife. You are mine, I tell you. Hah! Well you may hide your face. Child of infamy—now sunk in infamy!"

His strong, horrible face is working. The girl, as if petrified by fear, has fallen back into a garden chair, and is sitting there cowering, her face hidden in her shaking hands.

"So," continues the man in mocking accents, the very mockery of it betraying the intolerable love he had borne her in her sad past, a love now deadened, but still half-alive, and quick with revengeful wrath, "you ran away from me—not so much from hatred of me—but for love of him!"

"O, my! Ella lifts her haggard face at this.

"Ay, girl, Of him! The man who has dragged you down to this—who has brought you here to be a bird in his gilded cage. Dye think to blind me still? I've followed you, I tell you, step by step. You didn't reckon on my staying powers perhaps. But I had sworn

to follow you!" The words came from between her lips, whispered rather than uttered; but he hears them.

"Ay—to follow me. You shall not stay in this home of infamy another hour if I can prevent it. And prevent it I shall."

His rugged, disagreeable face, so full of strength, lights as he speaks these words of command.

"I cannot go," says the girl faintly. She puts out her hands again with that old childish movement, as if to ward off something hateful to her. There is so much aversion in this act that Moore's temper fails him.

"Hate me as much as you will. Still—come with me you shall!" says he. "Do you imagine—" Here he takes a step towards her, and catching her by the wrist swings her to and fro with distinct brutality, then lets her go. "Do you think, having once found you, I shall let you go? No—though—" He makes a pause, and standing before her pours his words into her unwilling, nay, but half-understanding ears. "Though I do despise you that I would now consider my name dishonored if joined with yours even now when I know you not to be worth the picking up—still I will not let you go. You are mine, and with me you shall leave this old country and seek another. I start for Australia to-morrow week, and you shall start with me. Together we shall seek that land."

"I cannot go," repeats Ella feebly. She looks magnetized. The old terror is full upon her, and it is a dying effort to resist him that she now makes. "I—I—" She stops again, and then bursts out, "It would kill me. Oh!" holding out her hands wildly, "why do

you want me to go away? Why do you want me to leave this place? How—miserably—can I be of any help to you? Of any use? You know," in softest, most piteous accents, "that I hate you—why then take me with you? Why not let me stay here in peace?"

"In sin you mean," says Moore, his harsh voice now filled with a new virulence. "Make an end of this, girl—for come with me you shall. What," violently, "you would not live with me, who would have honorably married you, but you would live with him, who will never marry you!"

"I do not desire that he should marry me," says the girl, drawing herself up. Even in this terrible moment, when all her senses feel dulled—a look of pride grows upon her beautiful face. "And he does not live here."

"Enough of that," gruffly. "You have told lies sufficient for one morning. Get up, and come with me."

"Come with you?"

"Ay—and at once!"

"But," she has risen, as if in strange unresisting obedience to his command, being fully beneath the spell, born of her horror and fear of him—"but—I must have time—to write—to leave a word. He has been so kind—so kind. Give me—" her face is deadly white now, her tone anguished, "only one moment to go in and write a line of good-bye to him."

"Not one!" says Moore sternly. "I shall not even wait for you to take off those garments—the garments of sin that you are wearing. You shall come as you are—and now."

Ella makes a terrified gesture, then sinks back upon her seat, pale and chilled to her heart's core.

"To follow you!" The words came from between her lips, whispered rather than uttered; but he hears them.

"Ay—to follow me. You shall not stay in this home of infamy another hour if I can prevent it. And prevent it I shall."

His rugged, disagreeable face, so full of strength, lights as he speaks these words



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He lays his hand upon her arm, and draws her towards the gate; still, as in a dream, she follows him. The bitterness of death is on her, yet she goes with him calmly—quietly. Perhaps there is a hope in her heart that as she had run away from him once, she might be able to do so again. But could she? Would he not, having been warned by her first escape, take pains to guard against a second? She knows that in her dreams, when he is not here, she could defy him, elude him, but to defy him when he was present would be too much for her; and besides, he is her lawful guardian; he has said so. Her own mother had left her to him. He might call in the policeman in the village, and so compel her in that way. But oh, to go without saying good-bye to Mr. Wyndham!

He had said he would come to-day! But all hope of his coming now is at an end. And Mrs. Denis! Not even to see her—she might have helped her. And not to say one word to her, or to Susan! What—what will they all think of her?

At this moment they come to the hall door of the Cottage, and she stops suddenly, and makes a little rush towards it, but the clutch on her arm is strong.

"To say one word to Mrs. Denis," gasps she impotently, damp breaking out upon her young forehead. "Oh!" beating her hands with miserable agony upon her chest, "think how it will be! They will for ever and ever remember me as ungrateful—unloving—a creature who had taken their love and abused it. They will be glad to forget me!"

"I hope so," says he coldly—utterly unmoved—nay, knowing even pleasure in her grief. "The sooner they forget you, and you them, the better. They!" He repeats the word. "Why don't you say 'he' and be done with it?" cries he furiously. "What a — hypocrite are you."

He almost drags her to the gate. Ella, half-fainting, finds herself at it. It is the last step. In here lies safety and happiness and peace—out there—Moore turns the key in the lock and pulls at the handle of the door. Yes, it is all over. The door opens. At this instant a long, low, passionate cry escapes from Ella.

Wyndham is standing in the roadway just outside the gate.

(To be Continued.)

Awaiting the Black Cap

Walter L. Emanuel in Pick Me Up

Hugh Lankester stumbled out into the open. The great doctor had passed sentence. It was a blind case. Hugh Lankester was to lose his sight.

Sir William had not said it in so many words. But there was no doubt left in Lankester's mind. Lankester had had no idea things had gone so far when he decided to consult Sir William. Suddenly, something that Sir William said startled him, and Lankester had asked him point-blank: "Shall I go blind?"

"You follow my treatment carefully," answered the doctor, "and I think we shall get you all right. You've been overworking yourself; you must give up all thoughts of the exam. for the present. You'll have to use your sight sparingly now. You must take to dark glasses. You must—"

"Yes, but you don't tell me. Shall I go blind?" Lankester had interrupted, almost rudely.

"Your sight may last you many years."

"Thanks."

"It all comes from brain wear. You've been fidgeting about that exam. You must leave town for a while, and go into the country, and forget that there are such things as books as quickly as possible. Amuse yourself. On no account allow yourself to be depressed. Good-bye, and let me see you again in a month. Meanwhile, keep up your pecker."

The great doctor, a stern person to look at, had spoken almost tenderly.

And now Hugh Lankester was outside. "Curse Elphinstone!" he muttered.

Elphinstone was the man, a former school-fellow of Lankester's, now walking the hospitals, who had advised him to go and see the great doctor. Lankester had met him one afternoon—it was one of his bad days—and had told him of the curious tricks his eyes were playing.

"They get all misty," he explained. Elphinstone looked grave and said:

"Take my advice, old man, and go to a specialist."

Lankester said he would take the advice. But when he got home and looked at his eyes in the glass, he could see that there was nothing at all the matter with them, and he set Elphinstone down as an alarmist. Then, in a few days, he ran across Elphinstone again.

"Well, have you been to an oculist?" he asked.

"No."

Elphinstone then told him plainly that he was a confounded young idiot to delay the thing like that.

"I'll go after my exam," said Lankester.

"No, go to-morrow," said Elphinstone.

And now he had been, and he was cursing the man who had sent him. If a fellow had to go blind—well, let it come suddenly and unexpectedly. Far better so than to have to sit at home watching for it day by day. Curse Elphinstone!

Curse everyone! Why the devil did they all get in his way? He was hurrying down Oxford street now—he did not quite know where to—and people kept running into him, and jostling up against him as he passed.

"Curse you!" he cried savagely to a child who got in his path, and the child ran off howling to its mother.

Then, by a strange irony, he knocked into an old blind man who was standing on the curb, and upset his tray of matches.

"Shame!" said a woman. "Look what you've done, you clumsy fool—and him blind, too."

Lankester turned.

"What's that? Blind, do you say? Poor devil! I didn't know that. You can't see at all! Ah, that's bad. God knows, I'm sorry for you. It must be hard not to see—cruel hard—devilish hard. Here."

And he took half-a-sovereign from his pocket and gave it to the man.

"You are generous, my lord," said the

A Sunday Morning Episode.



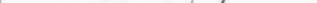
1. Rev. Fiddle D. D.—Boy, I am astonished and grieved beyond measure! Don't you know that this is—



2. Sunday, and—



3. Here, let me show you how to land that big one—



4. Without breaking your rod.



5. That's it, isn't he a daisy?



6. Deacon O'Neil—Well, parson, I'm surprised and shocked! But what does it weigh? Gosh, it's a corker!

(Copyrighted.)

woman, who thought it was a farthing. Lankester continued on his way. At last he got a stretch of pavement to himself, which set him free to think again. Well, one thing, at any rate, was pretty certain; it was all up with his career. The Indian Civil Service would have to try and get along without the aid of Hugh Lankester. He supposed, by the by, that the guv'nor would stump up all right. Or would he have to walk the streets, led by a mongrel cur, selling matches?

"Fuses, a yappenny a box; pity the poor blind man!" he rehearsed between his teeth.

The idea tickled him and he smiled. Then, suddenly, he thought of Ethel and got serious again. Ethel! Ah, that was the worst. That was where it hit hardest. Of course he could not—would not marry her now. He must let her off. And yet—he might get better. For what had the doctor said? "Your sight may last you many years." What a duffer he was to make up his mind for the worst. That was just like him. Perhaps, after all, the sight would not give out. And yet—what was the good of deceiving himself? That had only been a way of putting it. The doctor knew well enough it would go, and soon. It was not to be doubted. He must give up Ethel. Under the circumstances he could not expect her to marry him. Imagine pleasure-loving little Ethel wedded to a blind man—or, at best, a man with black goggles! He laughed aloud at the idea. Hargraves would have her now. . . . For a moment he felt remarkably like blubbering. . . . Then he began to wonder whether he should have warning of it, or would it come quite suddenly? Why hadn't he asked the doctor that? But, of course, the sight would gradually get weaker and weaker until it went out altogether. That is how it would be. Well, he knew what he would do as soon as he felt it coming. He was not going to live in darkness all his life. Hugh Lankester was not quite such a fool as that. Not quite.

He had reached Bond street. Two ladies bowed to him. It did not strike him till they had passed that he had not raised his hat to them. Hang it all, how abominably rude they must have thought him. He must wake up. He stretched his eyes. How strong the sun was! Then he fell to thinking again. He called to mind now how once, at an At Home about a couple of years ago, a palmistry woman had examined his hand, and had said:

"You won't have a very long life—you'll commit suicide." At the time he had treated it as a good joke.

But suppose, after all, the thing should come suddenly, without warning? It was just possible. Then it would be too late; he would not be able to see to do anything. . . . Better, perhaps, to have done with it at once. Yes, yes. No, not quite at once, though. He would go on the bust for a week, and then—How should he do it? He must buy a pistol. Or poison! No, poison was a woman's way. Better get the pistol. Still, poison was cleaner. And yet he did not know. Pistol—pistol! Poison—pistol? Pistol—

Suddenly he stopped, and put his hand to his eyes.

"Hell!" he cried, staggering back against a shop-window. "Hell! it's come!"

People ran up.

"It's come!" he cried, "It's come!" Then added, "But it's too soon. It's not fair, it's not fair."

"What's come?" asked the crowd.

"It—it. Oh, light the gas—light the gas; won't somebody light the gas?"

He tore at his eyes.

The eyes were still open, but the sight was gone.

They led him away.

"Five pounds to the man who'll kill me! Ten pounds! A hundred pounds! Oh, for mercy's sake!—is there no Christian here who'll do it?"

"Billay!" shouted a boy, "ere's a bloke off 'is nut."

The Flash of Crystals.

The flash of beautiful crystals in Windsor Table Salt is like diamonds. Pure as gem of first water. A salt all salt; soluble. Try it.

Customer—Why, this is a new shade of red.

Assistant—Yes, madam. That is the anarchist shade.

Customer—How did it come to get that name?

Assistant—It won't wash.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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The Drama.

GHEN the curtain went up at the Princess Theater Monday night—an artistic curtain, for I have attended art exhibits to examine less canvas and less art—it soon became apparent that the home of Mr. Forrest Tree was that of a Gay Old Boy. The proprietor was away somewhere and the family doctor was turning the reception-room to a professional use. Only a gay old boy would permit this sort of thing. The doctor was somewhat in love with Miss Cherrie Tree, and when she came in securely disguised by holding some cobweb material before her face, the doctor nearly put his foot in it by being too attentive to the unknown. He fixed that, however, and was just about to kiss her, when the three other Misses Tree and Aunty Willow Tree came in. Finding all hands collected there Miss Cherrie naturally enough remarked that as they were getting up a concert for the Jersey cadets they might as well have a rehearsal. They sang—the doctor knew the piece and sang too, and Mrs. Muldoon, the cook, and Ben A. Bird, the tough man-servant, also formed part of the circle and sang. Such beautiful equality between madam and the cook would delight the heart of Lady Aberdeen. When the first song was done the tough man-servant strutted forward and sang a Bowery song, in which of course he walked up and down the stage, drawing back his fist to smash Miss Cherrie, and screwing up his mug—and Miss Cherrie strutted, screwed up her mug, threatened to smash Ben, and the doctor did the same, and the girls did the same, and the aged and corpulent maiden aunt did the same. This alarming knowledge of the lingo of low life made me feel that Mr. Tree should come home to his daughters at once. It is all right for a father to gad about the country being a gay old boy, but when his sister and his daughters line up as gay old girls it is an entirely different matter.

Mr. Tree came at last, bringing with him an actress he had married. Letters were waiting him and he sang about his old friend Brown and his old friend Jones. When a man is just married he feels like singing. Mr. Frost then dropped in on him from the West. He had made a fortune and grown a lot of hair out there, and he wanted to get a wife to pull out his raven locks and spend his money. Would Mr. Tree help him? Well, rather! Two of Tree's friends then called and they drank and sang a health to the Westerner, in which he joined his powerful bass. Then the trouble began, for Tree found a letter saying that at the end of the week if he were not married his lawyer would pay over to him the estate left by his first wife. This excellent woman when dying had bidden her property to Tree on condition that he did not marry again for two years. He had gone and married, thinking the two years were up September 15, instead of November 15, and now it was only November 10. A nice pickle this! His first wife understood him pretty well, though why she did not leave her money to her four daughters, instead of to a husband so little to be trusted, is difficult to understand. The doctor had been in love with the actress, and she feared he would do something violent should he know of her marriage, so she advised that they pretend she was housekeeper. This suited the gay old boy. It could be kept quiet until the 15th. The actress had a housekeeper's make-up in her trunk and donned it. She sang just to keep her voice in tune. Nobody came to see who was making so free, and the event passed off all right.

The doctor didn't know exactly whether to marry the actress or Tree's daughter, so he made love to both. It is the easiest way out of any such difficulty. Further rehearsals were held in the garden, and all played stringed instruments, even the man-servant and the Westerner. When they had all gone and nothing seemed ready to happen, Mr. Topp sneaked away from the girls to practice his songs in the garden, and so we heard some very good singing. New York is a lovely place to live in, and those who have been there tell me that it is a great treat to walk abroad gazing over fences and listening to young gentlemen practicing songs and young ladies and servants rehearsing for concerts. The humdrum Toronto life is very trying upon New

Yorkers. In the third act the doctor decided to slope with Miss Cherrie, so he clambered over the balcony disguised as a New Woman. All was silent and dark. The deed had to be done, but as the girl was tardy he filled in the time by singing a few songs. I am afraid he lost his girl by this delay, for a few minutes later he appeared in the room in evening dress and made a scene with the Western man's revolver—after which he was, along with Miss Cherrie, brought from behind the curtains, as they were about to slope, by the ranchman threatening to shoot at the moving draperies. The gay old boy was also brought from behind by a similar threat and at once acknowledged the actress as his wife, and so they all sang as the final drop fell.

This is a fairly accurate description of A Gay Old Boy. I have related it, not because it has any value as a description, but because it is the typical story of a musical comedy farce. Some people look for a plot every time they go to the theater and, not finding it in farce-comedy, feel aggrieved. When farce-comedy is announced one need not look for much of a plot; when a musical farce-comedy is announced one need only look for a series of song specialties strung together on a very thin line of plot. Those who enjoy only the melodrama, the comedy, and the legitimate drama, should realize that none of these things may be expected when any sort of farce-comedy is announced. Songs and dances will be lugged in on every possible and impossible pretext; strangers meeting on the street will do a can-can together; people will sing in drawing-rooms, in railway depots, rehearse concert work on the roof or in the cellar. The burglar will sing and do a clog in the office or give an anvil song by pounding the safe with his jimmy. The dead will arise to join in a chorus; no miracle is beyond the farce-comedy. Let nothing surprise you—the specialties are everything, the story nothing.

I enjoyed A Gay Old Boy very much on Monday night. It is a bright thing and I had no idea that Joseph Hart was so clever a comedian as he proved to be. If he possesses sufficient fertility to keep up the pace with which he has begun the season, it will be necessary to regard him as one of the leaders in his class. His voice in speaking and singing is well adapted to comedy. He is supported by a more than usually capable company, of whom that dashing little girl Carrie De Mar (as Cherrie Tree) and Will H. Sloan (as the doctor) are the most competent. Harry M. Morse as the giant Westerner is a unique figure and very pleasing.

Mr. Sol Smith Russell has been drawing large audiences all week to the Grand Opera House to laugh at him, and with him, in Sheridan's The Rivals. The play is well known, and Mr. Russell is no stranger to Toronto theater-goers; yet there is a familiarity which does not breed contempt, and the quaint oddities and laughable *contretemps* through which Sheridan's humor sparkles are, like old friends, not loved the less for being better known. Mr. Russell has not made the mistake of assuming that it is within the power of any one actor to present a play, but has been careful to entrust the leading parts to good and capable hands. Naturally his own representation of the part of Bob Acres attracted the most attention, and droll indeed was the quiet humor that lurked in every utterance. Mr. Charles Mackay as Captain Absolute, Mr. Alfred Hudson as Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr. George Woodward as Sir Lucien O'Trigger, the fire-eating Irishman with ancestors, and Mr. George Denham as David, were fully up to the high standard set for them by Mr. Russell. Miss Minnie Radcliffe was a bright, high spirited girl with plenty of dash and some breezy ideas on the subject of elopements that were hardly consonant with the title of Lydia Langrish. The other parts were well taken, and good wholesome fun abounds throughout the piece, which though it has been well received during Mr. Russell's engagement has not been treated better than it deserves. The staging of the piece is quite up to the promises made, and The Rivals was never so well set up in this country.

After seeing Dan McCarthy's company in two of that author-actor's best Irish pieces, I think many people have decided that the company needs weeding out and that a better stage manager is required. Many of the minor actors have fallen into a listless mood and go through their parts in a mechanical way. They seem to feel that they have a life-job with the easy-going McCarthy and are under no necessity to exert themselves. When a man is shoved backwards into a tub of water the event should surprise the audience and the victim, and we were not prepared to see a man when so shoved walk backwards, carefully looking over his shoulder and feeling with his hands until, finding the tub, he obviously squatted in it. When a supporting actor will venture to make a whole play ridiculous in this way it shows that the manager of the company has lost his grip. A dozen details could be cited proving that the stage mismanagement of the company has grown weak, and Mr. McCarthy should make his people dance a jig.

Sir Henry Irving's American tour will cover the period between September 16 and May 16 of next year, and the route has been mapped as follows: Sept. 16 to Sept. 21, Academy of Music, Montreal; Sept. 23 to Sept. 28, Grand Opera House, Toronto; Sept. 30 to Oct. 26, Tremont, Boston; Oct. 28 to Dec. 21, Abbey, New York; Dec. 23 to Jan. 4, 1896, Chestnut street Opera House, Philadelphia. 1896: Jan. 6 to Jan. 11, Academy of Music, Baltimore; Jan. 13 to Jan. 18, Grand Opera House, Washington; Jan. 20 to Jan. 25, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Atlanta; Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, Grand Opera House, New Orleans; Feb. 3 to Feb. 8, Memphis, Nashville, Louisville; Feb. 10 to Feb. 15, Grand Opera House, St. Louis; Feb. 17 to Feb. 22, Grand Opera House, Cincinnati; Feb. 24 to March 21, Columbia, Chicago; March 23 to March 28, Indianapolis, Detroit, Cleveland; March 30 to April 4, Buffalo, Pittsburgh; April 6 to April 11, Alvin, Philadelphia; April 13 to April 18, Chestnut street Opera House, Boston; April 20 to April 25, Tremont, Providence; April 27 to May 2, Worcester,

Springfield, Hartford, New Haven; May 4 to May 16, Abbey's, New York.

The plays which Sir Henry intends presenting in America are Macbeth, Becket, King Arthur, The Merchant of Venice, Much Ado About Nothing, Louis XI., Faust, Charles I., The Lyons Mail, Nance Oldfield, The Bells, The Corsican Brothers, Don Quixote, Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting and A Story of Waterloo.

Irving has decided, very naturally, not to use his title in his advertisements, but the theater managers of the United States may be depended upon to see that the title is worked for all it is worth. Irving will produce Coriolanus when he returns to London, and this important revival will be followed by an English version of Madame Sans-Gene, in which, of course, Miss Ellen Terry will undertake Mme. Refane's famous role of the washerwoman duchess. These two plays seem almost enough to go on with, but Sir Henry has expressed his "desire" to produce a play by W. L. Courtney, which has a German source; and he has been "promised" a play by "an old fellow-worker," A. W. Pinero.

As stated above, Irving and his company, which consists of over one hundred people, including, of course, Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Julia Arthur of Hamilton, will appear at the Grand Opera House during the week beginning September 23. Faust, King Arthur, Merchant of Venice, Waterloo and The Bells will be the pieces presented in Toronto. In England Irving's work in The Veteran of Waterloo, which is from the pen of Conan Doyle, was pronounced the triumph of his life, nothing like it having ever been done before.

There are many leading actors in the United States who have never appeared on the Canadian circuit, and Mr. Frederic Bond, who will bring an unusually strong company to the Princess Theater next week, is one of these. For the past three years he has been at the head of the Grand Opera House Stock Company at Washington, appearing in many *roles*, and previous to that was a favorite in all the leading theaters. He will present Charles Matthews' delightful comedy My Awful Dad. This piece was a great favorite with the society people of Washington and will be sure to prove a treat here. It is a straight comedy with a good plot.

It is safe to say that there are good times in store for discriminating theater-goers at the Toronto Opera House next week. Nobe, the fantastic comedy by Harry and Edward Paulson, the authors of Erminie, will be given its first production at popular prices in this city. In Nobe the ancient and modern are grotesquely blended. It will be remembered that Nobe was the Queen of Thebes, who, daring to company herself with Latona, was transformed into marble, from which tears constantly flowed. The authors have made a

success of the play.

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Sept. 14, 1895

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

7

Shingwauk, the Pine.

In March, 1649, a thousand Iroquois, pushing up from their country, down the State of New York, pounced upon the Jesuit Missions, established in the country of the Hurons, one near what is now Barrie, one on the little river Wye, near Midland, and slaughtering their foes regardless of age or sex, put many to torture, including several Frenchmen, a quiet record being found in *Relations des Jésuites*. They stripped them naked, and with blows of sticks on back, legs, stomach, face, no part of their bodies escaped torment.

Le Père Jean de Brebeuf, overwhelmed by the weight of the blows, did not lose concern for his flock. Those he had instructed gathered around him.

"My children," said he, "in the worst of your griefs hit your eyes to Heaven, remembering God is witness of our sufferings and it will be well, and our great reward, dying with that faith and hope in His goodness and the accomplishment of His promise. I pity! More for you than for myself (*J'ay pitié plus de vous que de moi*) but bear with courage the torture which will end with our lives. The glory following will never end." "Ehon!" they said to him (*it's the name the Hurons applied to the father*). "Our spirits will be in Heaven when our bodies have flamed in the earth. Pray God for us."

Irritated at his words, they cut off one hand, pierced the other, and they applied under his arm pits and over his kidneys the hatchets all red with the fire. They put a collar of furs around his neck, so all the movements of the body gave a new pain, for leaning forward to save the back hurt the breast, and, contra, or remaining upright grizzled all around (*griller tout leur corps*).

In spite of his torments Le Père Lalemant lifted his eyes to Heaven; joining his hands, his aspirations rose to God, whom he invoked to his succor.

Le Père Jean de Brebeuf endured like a rock, insensible to fire and flames, without one cry, and in profound silence, which prizzed his executioners. Without doubt his heart repaid them upon his God. Presently returning to him he preached to the Indians, and more than ever the good Christian captives had compassion for him.

The executioners, angry at his zeal in preaching more of the word of God, scooped out his mouth (*luy cernierent la bouche*); they cut off his nose, tore off his lips, but his blood spoke louder than his lips and he prayed with his last breath, blessing God and animating the Christians more than ever.

One night at Center Island, South-westward from the Park, I sat beneath three pine trees, Twixt twilight and the dark.

A wind moaned, and their branches Gave forth a soft sad tune, As though the tree called up for me The ghost of an old-time rune.

The ghost of an old-time rune, A bygone minor plaint, Or rising high like a battle cry, Or sinking weird and faint.

Three starveling pines—see them! Their tops are well nigh dead, They seem to wait the beck of fate, And, whispering, they said:

"Of much that we remember here, We scarcely see a trace, For the White man's hand is on the land, And his footprint (*a*) covers the place.

"The Red man and the pine tree, Have well nigh had their day; The small white flower is the sign That both must pass away.

"Tis little use for us to care Whate'er the future bring, But thoughts of bygone days we share, And stand remembering.

"Remembering how the forest spread, And how the wind might blow His leafy billows overhead, He never could get below.

"How the dark pines their vigil kept, Towering o'er every tree; And a deep diapason swept In Nature's symphony.

"And, watching, we have learned to trace (And hold it at its worth) That time and space do not efface The acts of men on earth;

"That unclean spirits damned for deeds Often unseen, unheard, Like huge bats fit for the pit In which they are interred.

"Who duty does a prize hath won, Whate'er may be his lot, Is blessed in knowing it is done, Whoe'er may know it not.

"Within our ken are noble men Who died for duty done; Whose holy influence living, sheds A blessed benison.

"At times, by night, such spirits bright Sweep from the arch on high, And pathways of celestial light Are trailed across the sky.

"From the blue vault bestud with stars, Those souls beatified By duty done—by victory won, On rustling pinions glide.

"They see the light is dawning bright, The gospel of good deeds— The heart of man is throbbing more For kindness than for creeds.

"And what we tell to you believe, Though many a year has flown, Though Indians and pines are gone, And we three left alone.

"Now another voice shall whisper you, If you can but hear it. Hark! It never varies—is sad, but true, And a glimpse of Island Park."

PART II.
An Indian chief am I—Shingwauk (*b*)—The Pine!
Round me on every hand behold my band, Warriors all, valiant, deep-cheasted, tall, This land theirs, mine, I am Shingwauk—the Pine!

And do I wake? And can it then be true, Three thousand moons (*c*) have passed since those I knew
Dark, like the pines, stood 'round me on that day
I left my Island home, and crossed the Bay!
Tis true, and I recall it all. Tis true.

Northward we sped, for a runner said, The Mohawk snake was there, Where the little church (*d*) stood at the edge of the wood,
And the Black-robbed taught a prayer, Which they said the Great Spirit gave them And told his black-robed band.

To cross the sea, and teach to me, And those of every land.
And they built another church near it And had a story to tell, Calling us in to hear it By ringing a little bell.

And they bore both toil and trouble, Said it was gain—not loss, When two by two we followed them, Singing behind the cross.

With a song did the Black-robe die, When bound to the Mohawk stake, And looked his last with dauntless eye On the sun, the sky, and the lake.

Borne down with collar of axes, White with the glowing heat, They heartened their convert Hurons, Though fire was under their feet.

I wot these men (you hear me out Whate'er may be your creed.) Said truly that their "martyr blood Would be the church's seed."

Half-burned in smoking ashes, We saw the little bell, You know the tale—a sad one, And I have my own to tell.

No stop nor stay, but up and away! Southward and home we flew, And over the Bay at close of day We urged the swift canoe.

And half I feared as the strand we neared, And I tried to say a prayer For the little one and the mother I left in the wigwam there.

And longed to hear a boyish shout, To see a well known face Dart from the cope, but found, ah me! Dread silence o'er the place.

Rage and despair! for everywhere The Mohawk work was spread, Distorted limbs, and dabbled hair, The dying and the dead.

And he whose little hand I taught The mimic warrior's part, Still grasped his tiny weapon Which sped his puny dart.

His rosy lips were black with blood, His eyes, half-closed, were dim, He stretched one dear hand out to me, And mine outstretched for him.

And I held him. Aye! I held him, He made no sob nor cry, Twixt every breath I thought it death, And a heron floated by.

And as the sun was sinking, He sent a golden ray Of glory on my little boy And took his soul away.

Two herons (*e*) rose, where only one Had circled 'round my head, The soul of my boy and his mother—I knew she, too, was dead.

Then one by one the stars shone out, And all the night was still,

Save for the distant cry of the loon And plaint of the whip-poor-will.
And where the Sun—My Father—(f) or My Mother—Earth—had smiled, I laid at rest within her breast The form of my little child.

You may like your shrieking whistle, The Bray of your brazen band, The glare of light dispelling night, And flashing on every hand,

To your Island Park I only come, To see the children play, And that it was the home of him The Mohawk slew that day.

Because just where my boy's at rest, You made this beautiful field, And a circle of flowers over his breast, That covers him like a shield.

Center Island, Sept., 1895. QUVIS.

a. The Indians say the white clover never comes till the pine trees are gone. This call the White Man's Foot.

b. Shingwauk, Pine tree.

c. The Iroquois invasion referred to was 246 years ago.

d. Le Père Jean de Brebeuf and Le Père Gabriel Lalemant established a mission near the site of Barrie, and another on the little river Wye near Midland. The Indians called the priests Black-robbed Indians.

e. Tecumseh, angry at the appropriation of tribal lands by the whites, met General Harrison, who conducted the treaty. Tecumseh refused the chair the interpreter offered. "Take it," said General Harrison, "your Father bids you." "My Father! The sun is my Father, the earth is my Mother. I will rest on her bosom, and he reclined on the ground.

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In Desperation.

THE rejected suitor found himself on the street. It was indeed all over with him. Maud had finally dismissed him—had told him, not without some show of emotion, but had unequivocally told him that she was now betrothed to another and would be embarrassed by further attentions on his part. That settled it. He would see her no more. He would leave Toronto. He would go—where would he go? He would get off this infernal street first thing—he didn't want to meet that triumphant fool going up to Maud's to hear how he had taken the mitten. D—n him. No, he'd walk right down this street whistling, and meet the fool. He wasn't afraid to meet him—he'd like to meet him in the middle of the lake, each in a boat without oars. Curse the fellow! He's a sneak, anyhow—pretending to be so nice! There's not a fellow in town that likes him. Girls are so odd. How could a girl like Maud marry a fellow like that? The boys are all dead on him. He hasn't a decent friend. She will find her mistake soon enough. He could have told her all about that fellow. Why had she not let him do so? Why didn't she ask somebody? Well, she's to be pitied. Confound it all! Well, she's to be pitied. Confound it all! Why had she not seen that he

was worth a dozen of the other?

But it was all over. No use going back. No use waiting—it was over. Here was a drug store. He would like to smash in that big window—he could do it with one kick. He would bet that he could. He would like to smash those big bottles, and when the policeman came he could keep him at bay with a volley of bottles—bottles of perfumes, patent medicines, lotions and poisons. Poisons! If he should poison himself it would serve Maud right. He could lock himself in his rooms and do the deed. His doors would not be forced open until the next evening, and she would not hear of it until the day after. All the better for that—she would have forgotten him by that time. She would have had fully forty-eight hours in which to forget him. Ample—quite ample for any girl. But when she heard the news, how he had been found—the mystery of Spadina avenue—promising young business man—his accounts all right—no cause assigned for the rash act—in the best of spirits—not inclined to melancholia—curse the papers, a lot they know about what is going on in this city under the very noses of their blackguard reporters. Well, she would know the cause. She would realize what sort of man she had trifled with. He would not leave any mawkish note—any cry-baby letter to his mother or to her. But wait! He had better leave a line: "I have suicided with chloroform. Hold no inquest. I leave all my money and belongings to my little brother Bob." That would do, that would cover everything. To commit suicide is not a clean thing to do. It makes such a mess. It is not polite. It shocks the person who finds one's remains. He must pay the landlady a month's rent—two, three, a year's rent in advance. What did it matter? Here is an old woman. He would stop her and give her ten dollars. No wonder she thought him crazy. She stands there looking after him just where he left her. No wonder! It was a crazy thing to do—crazy for anyone who intended to live more than three hours. Three hours—yes, that would make it twelve. Midnight! The mystic hour when ghosts walk. If ghosts can walk he would do some tall traveling.

There is another drug store down that side street. That would do. It is a fit place for the sale of poisons. There is no person in either, only the clerk. What a thin, sick-looking fellow, too! What a lot of pie-faced fools there are in the world anyhow, sticking to life without rhyme or reason! Look at that fellow with drugs enough at arm's length to settle the whole town. He mustn't suspect the purpose of his customer. Strategy must be used. He could get what he wanted easily enough. Hang the door! Why is it shut, and why has it a bell on it, country fashion? Wait! Here is a little girl. A stamp—she wants a stamp. Let her get it and go. He wouldn't be a stamp for the letter he would write. There is a lot of very important correspondence written in this world without the use of stamps. What is the clerk looking at him that way for? Curse the fellow! Has he never poisoned anyone before? Perhaps he had better wait—perhaps—he must say something, the fool is gawking at him. "I—ah—I just want to see—I—what have you got in the way of tooth-paste!"

MACK.

Teaching of German.

Fraulein Holtermann, whose portrait accompanies this paragraph, is once more in Toronto to give one five-weeks' course in German. Fraulein Holtermann, in her tour of the province, has won for herself a reputation as a teacher of German in five weeks which is second to none. Her clearly enunciated pure high German has converted her students to the belief that German well spoken is one of the most musical languages of the world, while

Das deutsche Lied.

is wir entflohn aus Deutschlands Gauen,
Durchglüht von jungem Wanderdrang,
Um fremder Länder Pracht zu schauen,
Um lauschen fremder Sprache Klang,
Da gab zum Segen in die Ferne
Die Heimat uns ihr deutsches Lied,
Das nun, gleich einem guten Sterne,
Mit uns die weite Welt durchzieht.



Wohin auch uns're Wege führen,
Zum Steppensaum, zum Meeressport,
Wo immer wir ein Heim uns küren,
Im tiefen Süd, im hohen Nord:
Der deutschen Heimat Segensgabe
Von uns'rer Schwelle nimmer siebt,
Und als des Herzens schönste Habe
Bleibt heilig uns das deutsche Lied.

Und wo es klingt, da bricht ein Blühen
Und Leuchten auf im weiten Kundi:
Wie Veilchen duft und Rosenlüben
Gebt's durch der Herzen tiefsten Grund:
Was längst zerlossen und zerstoben,
Was mit der Kindheit von uns schied,
Was wird in Träumen neu gewoben,
Wenn uns umrauscht das deutsche Lied.

Wir schau'n der Heimat grüne Thale,
Der Schwalbe Nest am Vaterhaus,
Wir ziehn' im Morgensonnenstrahl
Durch's alte Thor zur Stadt hinaus,
Wir hören ferner Glocken klingen
Und deutscher Eichenwälder Web'n,
Wir fühlen junges Frühlingsringen,
Und erster Liebe Aufersteh'n!

Und ob auch Früchte viel und Blüthen
Die Hand auf fremder Erde ziebt,
Wir wollen begin doch und hüten
Den Frühlingsspross, das deutsche Lied,
Das uns zum Segen in die Ferne
Die Muttererde einst beschied,
Und das, gleich einem guten Sterne,
Mit uns die weite Welt durchziebt!

The above song, which is printed in German, for the benefit of those who can read the language, was sung at the Sangerfest, Monday evening. It breathes a love of native land. The German citizens have been enjoying themselves this week in this first Sangerfest of the Canadian Sangerbund. They were heartily welcomed everywhere and the public agreed with Acting Mayor Shaw when he said: "This beautiful free Canada of ours welcomes all peaceful comers, English and Scotch, French and German, and all may heartily join in singing The Maple Leaf Forever. Again I heartily welcome you to our beautiful city. German citizens are good citizens. I wish we had many more. You know how to work and you know how to enjoy yourselves."

An Editor's Luck.

An editor in a Western Ontario town, whose sanctum was on the first floor, hit upon the novel plan of placing a contribution box at the foot of the stairway leading up to his office, thereby avoiding interruptions and saving his contributors many a weary climb.

What was his astonishment to find several dollars in it the other day! Saying nothing he pocketed the money and waited. The next day he received some more, the label "Contribution Box" evidently misleading some charitable-minded individuals.

He now places a dollar or two on the collection plate on Sunday and is looked upon as one of the freest givers in the church.

A Bright Little Child.

Mother—Elsie, your sister tells me you took a second helping of pudding at Mrs. Brown's to-day.

Little Elsie—So I did, mamma.

"Do you think that was right, Elsie?"

"Yes. You know you have often told me not to contradict anyone, and Mrs. Brown said: 'I know Elsie will have a second helping of pudding,' and I couldn't contradict her, could I?"

Mamma smiled, and said nothing.

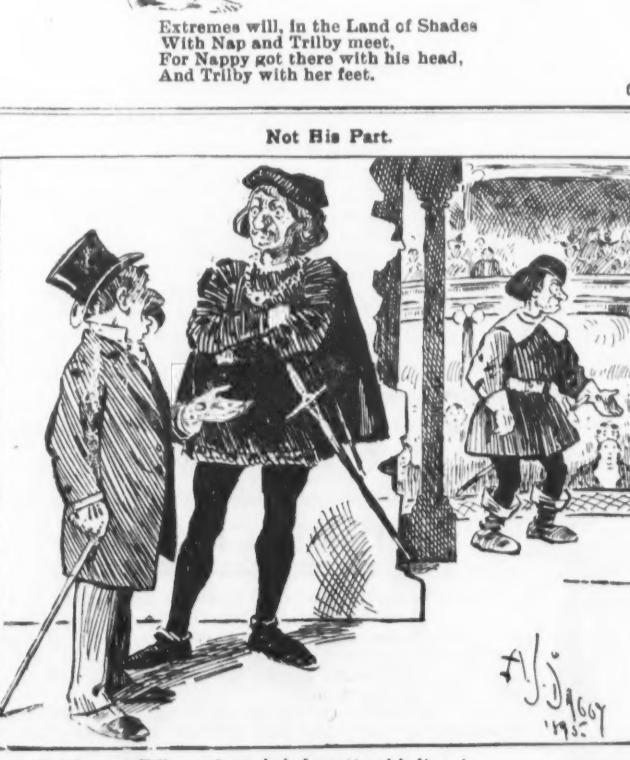
How the Colonel Made Room.

Atlanta Constitution.

"Do you think," asked the colonel, as he cocked his revolver, "that you can make room to-morrow for that communication of mine which has lain on your desk for six weeks back?"

"Certainly!" gasped the editor; "if we're crowded we can enlarge the paper, or—"

"That is satisfactory," interrupted the colonel, still eying his weapon. "I heard that you were crowded for space up here, and I thought that if I got you and the foreman out of the way there would be more room. Good morning."



Manager—Quick, post Bill out there, he's forgotten his lines!
Hamlet O' Egg—I'm not a Bill poster, sir.

(Copyrighted.)

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

MEDITERRANEAN

Travel to Southern France, Italy, Egypt, the Nile or Palestine during 1895-96 will be unprecedentedly easy. Agents should arrange their travel early in order to secure choice of berths and rates. Sailing lists of all lines, plans of steamers, illustrated books, rates, etc., may be obtained and berths reserved at any time.

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New York, Oct. 21, 11 a.m. Paris, Oct. 30, noon

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Short Stories Retold.

One day at the table of George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, the royal host said, "Why, Colman, you are older than I am." "Oh, no, sir," replied Colman, "I could not take the liberty of coming into the world before your royal highness."

The late Dr. Edward Beecher on one occasion was dining with friends and inadvertently swallowed a mouthful of exceedingly hot coffee. Immediately he deposited it upon his plate, and, turning around, remarked: "A fool would have swallowed it."

Once upon a time Lord Melbourne visited the kitchen of the Reform Club (Soyer seems to have held a regular *levee* there in the afternoon), and remarked to the great chef that his hand-maids were remarkably good-looking. Soyer bowed with deep respect, and answered with gravity, "Yes, my lord; you see, we do not want plain cooks here."

A Boston man traveling through the South was obliged to stop over in a small town where there was but one hotel, at which the accommodations were hardly to be called elaborate. When the colored waiter brought his dinner, the Boston man found that he was to have roast beef, stewed tomatoes, corn, peas, potatoes, and coffee, the vegetables served in the usual stone china canoes. Presently he said to the waiter, "Dick, pass the spoons." The waiter rolled his eyes in genuine amazement. "Spoons, sah! What you want with the spoons? There's yo' spoon in yo' corn."

F. M. Hutchins, one of *Puck's* illustrators, attended the last Abingdon Square concert—a series given by a philanthropist for the poor in New York—in search of the picturesque. Mr. Hutchins wears glasses. He is also a connoisseur in the latest slang, and it served him a good turn. About a thousand small boys were closely packed around the band-stand, and the artist wanted to work his way through them that he might speak to the band-master. He politely explained his object to a boy who stood in front of him. The boy turned and, after looking at the artist for a moment, sang out to his companions: "S-a-a-y, here's a smooth guy wild blinckers, an' he says would I pl-e-a-sser him to pass. Would I? Well, I wouldn't do a t'ing to hi'n." Mr. Hutchins wears no beard, and some of the other boys began to make personal remarks about his appearance. They talked in slang, and the artist knew the way to win them. Leaning over to the first boy, he said, in a husky voice: "Say, Petey, I'll tell you how it is. I'm up against it, and that's straight. I don't want to get me blinckers busted. Give a fellow a chance. See?" "Cert," replied the boy: "open up an' let me fren' trough. He's all right." And Mr. Hutchins did get through without trouble.

Of all the expedients devised by debtors, whether by Micawber or Murger, few have been more simple and effectual than that of a Mrs. Martin in San Francisco recently. She had ordered a ton of coal delivered at her residence. The coal-dealers had not yet received their pay for previous tons, so they instructed their driver to take the coal to her house, go to the door, present the previous bill, and refuse to deliver the coal until the bill was paid. He did so. The lady looked a little surprised, but an ominous glint came into her eye when she heard his ultimatum. But she repressed her feelings, and suavely invited the coal man to "step into the parlor while she went to get the mony." The coal-heaver was rather grimy, and did not seem exactly to fit the furniture, but he accepted her invitation, stepped into the parlor, and Mrs. Martin disappeared. Many minutes passed. The coal-heaver became impatient, but the lady did not return. Finally he heard the crash of coal. He looked out of the window. To his horror, he saw his coal being unloaded by another man. He tried the door, but it was locked, and the grimy coal-heaver grimly sat down and waited. After the coal was unloaded, the lady appeared and let him out. There was a triumphant twinkle in Mrs. Martin's eye as she told him to "call again with the bill."

The Ladies Admire
men who smoke, as smoking is a manly habit, but they are especially enamored of men who evince nice taste in the selection of their cigars and tobacco such as is always kept in stock by G. W. Muller, 9 King Street West.

Between You and Me.

THE other day I was making mayonnaise and it occurred to me that a mayonnaise was a very human sort of a mixture. There is the salt, the wholesome practical folk who live by rule and rote; the pepper, the fiery, impulsive, erratic ones; the vinegar, the jaundiced, disappointed people, who are good in a mixture, when properly and carefully blended, and awful alone; the mustard, the sarcastic, biting, clever folk; the sugar, the lovers in the world; the cream or the oil, the tactful, managing, wise, smooth and forbearing people who make all the crudeness and the sharpness of the rest blend gently, and the egg seemed the life on which all the other condiments act, as our various traits and weaknesses act on us; and atop of all this hovering and musing in my mind is a quaint little epitaph which peeps from the moss upon a Somersetshire gravestone,

"Grim Death, to please his h'ly trash pale,

Has taken our Lettice to put in his salad."

"DEAR LADY GAY.—" Would you please tell me through your paper if you think it advisable for a lady over fifty (50) to ride in bloomers. Please write it up pretty strong, as we do not want any such guys in Toronto if we can help it."

That is the latest development. It is no use, my dear man. Bloomers will bloom even on old ladies. How do you know I'm not an old lady over fifty myself? Whether I am or not I should rather see bloomers than a white petticoat such as a good many old and young ladies display as they cavort about our streets on wheels. With the wonderful knee-action which some of them have unfortunately been allowed to acquire and with which they recall to me the capers of good Queen Bess before the Spanish Ambassador, who reported her as "prancing wondrous high," this display of white skirts is truly censurable. As Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aylesham decided on black stockings for sharks, I would beg my sister women, whether they move in the social or business circles of our city, to vow themselves to black or dark-tinted garments.

During the last three days of last week a young Frenchman undertook to ride one thousand miles around the track at Hylan's—four thousand times to whiz past the grand stand, after a more or less satisfactory pace-maker. On one of those sunny Sundays we discussed the coming trial of speed and endurance as we camped on the beach and looked curiously at the long-distance rider. "It's nothing," said Chappelle in his little dec'ded way. "I've done it several times," and we didn't know whether he was a braggart or a wonder, but we found out later on. Everything went against the plucky little chap—a careless trainer, an avalanche of rain and a fall from a wrecked wheel—and on Sunday when I passed by the Point I rather dreaded seeing him, for I pictured him gaunt and haggard, worn out and worried by set-backs, and only on the principle that imagination is often worse than reality did I go and take a peep at him. He was going around quite blithely, following a very wobbly pace-maker, to whom he continually remarked, "Hurry up there, boy." Not a trace of fatigue showed in his brown face, and he contentedly chewed gum and called out to his companion as around he went, with still sixty miles to do and that monstrous pile of work bashing him. When he gets drowsy, in the still night hours, the trainer gives him a poke and wakes him up. Just think of it, you twenty-five mile cyclists, you century men, and feel your backs ache and your muscles cramp at the idea. A thousand miles around a quarter-mile track, and a smile and a joke at the end of it.

Every time I take up a book in which a man writes of the inner life of a woman, I am filled with amazement and a little over-filled with amusement. They know us, bless you! and it's a queer study we may make of ourselves as each of our leading novelists imagines us. Once in a while a man writes of a woman just as he would of a man, and trouble ensues. Generally he rigs up a wax figure, like the pretty bicycle lady at the Fair, and then sets her going, going, not getting any further ahead, but going all the same. Do you know what the late Robert Louis Stevenson gave as his reason for not writing of women? "I do not care," he said in substance, "to present women in the stereotyped way, and if I attempted to do so I should have no better success than the ordinary writer. On the other hand, I cannot present women in the way I should like to do, for if I did, my readers would not stand it. Therefore I have thought it best to leave them out of my books entirely." And I am fain to wonder with a vague sense of loss what was the way in which this chivalrous gentleman would have liked to write of us.

Autumn Hints.

ROUGH-surfaced woollens are imported for the first autumn gowns. These come with knotted bourette threads and in boucle effect in loops of mohair; also in irregular weaving so open that it seems too sleazy and light for winter gowns. This light weight is, however, well considered in view of the heavy silk linings and other accessories of soft woolen skirts. New Scotch tweeds are a *melange* of colors without the suggestions of checks used in summer tweeds. The quiet and grave grounds of brown, gray, or mixed black and white are enlivened by occasional threads of bright green, vivid red, or glowing orange.

One of the most novel effects among the importations is a wool fabric resembling Turkish towelling, the threads projecting from the surface very thickly, and divided by stripes or slender lines of plush, or velvet placed an inch and a half apart. These are very attractive in violet or damson shades striped with bright green velvet, or in golden-brown wool with dull green plush lines. That there may be variety in winter outfits, some very soft and fine camel's-hair twills are imported in plaids not too large and usually of a single color, mordore, prune, or green with black. Other twills of dark ground have a design of dia-

Too Bad.



He—That Miss Fry seems very inquisitive. She—Yes, they say that when she came it positively made her ill because she couldn't tell what the wild waves were saying.

(Copyrighted.)

Rheumatism Conquered.

A Great Advance in Medical Science.

A Discovery Which This Painful Disease Cannot Resist—Mr. B. Blasdell, of Paris, Ont., relates His Experience With the Cure.

Paris, Ont., Review.

Rheumatism has long baffled the medical profession. Medicine for external and internal use has been produced, plasters tried, electricity experimented with, hot and cold baths and a thousand other things tried, but without avail. Rheumatism still held the fort, making the life of its victims one of misery and pain. The first real step toward conquering rheumatism was made when the preparation known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People was discovered, and since that time thousands have testified to their wonderful efficacy in this, as well as in other troubles, the origin of which may be traced to the blood.

Among those who speak in the highest terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mr. Blasdell, of this town, who is known not only to all our citizens but to residents of this section, and he is as highly esteemed as he is widely known. To the editor of the *Review* Mr. Blasdell recently said: "I have reason to speak in terms of the warmest praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they not only saved me a big doctor's bill but have restored me to health, which was impaired by rheumatism and neuralgia. These troubles were, I think, the after effects of an attack of measles. After the latter trouble had disappeared I felt an awful pain in my head, neck, and down my back. I tried a number of remedies, but without effect. I was then advised by Mrs. Hornung of Copetown, who had been cured of paralysis by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to give them a trial. I followed her advice, and after using a box or two I began to feel much better, and with their continual use I constantly improved in health, and am now feeling better than I have done before in ten years. I am satisfied that but for the timely use of Pink Pills I would today have been a physical wreck, living a life of constant pain, and I cannot speak too highly of their curative powers, or recommend them too strongly to other sufferers. I cheerfully give permission to publish my statement in the hope that some other sufferer may read and profit by it."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by over-work, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50¢ a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

A Friend of the Dog.

During the last legislative session at Tallahassee, a bill was introduced providing for the prompt slaughter of rabid dogs. The reading clerk had just read the title when an old gentleman, a representative from one of the interior counties, arose, and with great gravity and dignity said: "Mr. Speaker, I am opposed to that bill. I am opposed to it, because I don't see why rabbit dogs should be killed

any quicker than any other kind of dogs. I've got a rabbit dog. He ain't much on looks, but I tell you when that dog gets on a hot trail in the broom-sedge, and a little later you hear his voice a-yelping in a high key and the yelps gettin' fainter and fainter, till by and bye you can just hear 'em down in the holler, and you go there and see a little, bench-legged, yellin' rascal barkin', his eyes bright and his forehead wrinkled with excitement, under a sartin tree, jes' you get a long pole, and meat is your dinner." There was breathless silence during this eloquent appeal on behalf of the "rabbit" dog. When it had been concluded, others rose up and paid glowing tributes to the qualities of rabbit dogs they owned. The bill was killed by a large majority.

A Member of the Ontario Board of Health Says:

"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in consumption, and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results." H. P. YEOMANS, A.B., M.D.

Cobbie—I don't think the landlord of the Ocean Bar House liked what I said to him before I went in bathing. Stone—What was that? Cobbie—I asked him if there were any other sharks around.

The Wabash Railroad

is acknowledged by travelers to be the shortest, best and quickest line from Canada to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Mexico, California and all west and south-west points. Its train equipment is superlatively the finest in America. It is the great trunk line that passes through six States of the Union and makes direct connection with one hundred and nineteen other railroads. See that your ticket reads via Wabash. Time tables and all particulars from any railway agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, N.E. King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

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Sept. 14, 1895

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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3. Has it passed over the footlights again, amid thundering applause.



4. Then dexterously twisting it, it comes over the footlights again.



5. One more twist makes it round, and—



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To Catch Them Both.

Indianapolis Journal.

"I think I shall try the two volume system with my next novel," said Timmins.

"Isn't that sort of thing out of date?" asked Simmons.

"But this is a new scheme. I'm going to marry them off happily at the end of the first volume in the good old style, you know. That will catch the mothers. In the second volume the villain, the elopement and the divorce appear. That will catch the daughters. Isn't that great?"

Would be Taken on Trial.

Punch.

Old Blondy—So you want to marry my daughter, eh? What's your salary?

Perkins (after a long thought)—Well, try me for three months, and if I'm not satisfactory you needn't pay me anything.

The Lady of the House.

Detroit Free Press

"Could I see the lady of the house?" asked one of the boldest and brashest of the book agent guild after he had tripped airily up the steps of a Detroit dwelling-house, and had brought a small, delicate woman to the door by a vigorous ring of the bell.

"I guess you kin see her if you ain't blind," she said calmly. "She's standin' right before you at the present time and anything you hev to say to her must be said right where she stands, for you don't get inter this house to mebbe leave disease behind you after going into all sorts of places, as you agents do. I've read that that's one way so many contagious diseases git spread, and I ain't doubt but it's true. We had a nine weeks' siege of scarlet fever in this house, and it broke out just eight days after we'd been fools enough to buy a book of an agent, and I always did believe and always will believe that it come into the house along with that book, for it had pictures in it and all the children handled it, so they did, and I'll go to my grave believing that we got the disease that way and I burnt the blamed book up in the furnace, although it was like lookin' the stable after the horse was stolen, but then it won't be exposing any other children to the disease, for I wouldn't be willing to inflict a thing of that sort on my worst enemy. You may think I'm lying, but I wouldn't, and if I—"

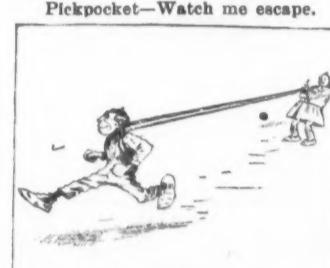
"But, madam—" "The price of the things we had to burn up and destroy would have paid for fifty good books at a bookstore where they wouldn't have been alive with disease germs and where a body'd know what they was gittin'." It stands to reason that agents who are out and in everywhere must be exposed to disease ev'ry day of your live, and I'd thank you to stand a little farther back from the door, particularly as the wind is blowing this way, for if diphtheria or anything of that sort should break

out in the house any time within a week I'd feel dead sure you fetched it here and I'd sue you just as sure as I did, for I can—going, are you? You might as well, and if I was you I'd engage in some work in which I'd feel I wasn't endangering precious human lives by scattering pestilence over the earth. I would!"

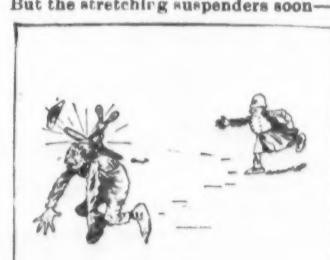
Called Back.



Pickpocket—Watch me escape.



But the stretching suspenders soon



brought him—



to time.

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From the Man Under Water.

You don't mind taking a lesson, do you, provided it is short and doesn't oblige you to study hard? "No." We thought not. We must always be learners, you know; never get too old or too wise for that. Well then, here it is.

Perhaps you have seen one of these professional divers go down into the water to inspect a sunken wreck or to search for a diver that has dropped in. He gets inside of his ugly-looking case, or water proof armor, claps on his head-piece and down he goes; out of sight and hearing in half a minute—down among the ruck and mud at the bottom. Of course they have to keep pumping air down to him through the hose or he would suffocate right out of hand. But when he wants more air, or less, or wants to be hauled up, how is he to let the men on the dock or in the boat know? You answer me like the click of a gun lock: "He will signal with the cord he holds in his hand." Right.

Now for the application. You will see what we mean before we get the words written; some scholars are so bright and quick.

Here is a letter from Mr. George Bullock, of Manor Farm, South Stoke, Oxon, in which he says that he was ill more or less fifteen years. "I had," he says, "a bad, sour taste in the mouth, a cough and thickly coated tongue, poor appetite and pain in the chest and between the shoulder blades after eating. I was also much troubled with nose and windy spasms. I had a nasty hacking cough, and a morning I spat up quantities of thick phlegm. My breathing was very hard and difficult. On and off I consulted doctor after doctor, but their medicines did me no good, and so I continued to suffer year after year. My wife and other relatives thought I was in a consumption and must soon die of that fatal disease."

Mr. Bullock, who is a large farmer, well known and highly respected throughout his district, is a well man now, but before we speak of that part of his case we will hear a word from Mr. Moses Copley of Ledsham, Yorkshire, who will help to illustrate our lesson.

"For twenty years," says Mr. Copley—writing under date of February 9th, 1893—"I suffered from a hacking cough which everyone said would take me to the grave, as nothing that I used to cure, did any good." In other respects Mr. Copley's illness was just the same as Mr. Bullock's. He could eat little, had pain and weight at the chest, his sides, was tormented with heartburn, and was often sick, throwing up a sour fluid. As time went on he got weak and feeble—just as we should expect. How could it have been otherwise? If a man can't eat and digest his food his strength will all die out of him, of course. You can't keep on getting water out of your well if none ever runs in. A boy who hasn't yet learned his letters can see that.

But here is the question we must have an answer to: What makes a person cough? "He can't help it," you would say. Beg pardon, but while this is true it is not an answer.

Wait a moment now. Let us get back to our man under the water, our diver, you know. What makes him pull the cord? You can answer that as easily as you pull on your old shoes. The diver pulls his cord to let the men above him know what condition he is in down there and what he wants done. Precisely. Now, all the organs inside of your body—the stomach, bowels, lungs, liver, &c., are like men under the water. When anything ails them they must let you know somehow, so as to get help. The cords they pull we call pains and symptoms of disease. They are not diseases though—remember that. We have the idea now all pat and plain. The cough which worried our two friends was the pulling of a cord to let them, or their doctors, know they were suffering from Indigestion and dyspepsia. It was the stomach, not the lungs, that was in trouble. The other symptoms showed that. Consumptives commonly have good appetites, and no pain. Do you see!

Well, both Mr. Bullock and Mr. Copley finally took Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup and soon got rid of the indigestion and dyspepsia and everything that belonged to it, cough and all. The stomach was all right and sent up no more signals. Unlike the diver the stomach never wants to be pulled up. Here ends the lesson.

Carruthers—Were you really as drunk as you seemed last night? Walter—Well, that depends; I was not as drunk as I seemed to you, and a great deal drunker than I seemed to myself.

Sunday school teacher—Tell me something about the lesson, Johnnie. Johnnie—Well, the Lord asked Cain where was his brother Abel, and Cain said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Sunday-school teacher—That is right, Johnnie; but what do you suppose Cain meant when he said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Johnnie—Well, I don't know, unless he was just sassing the Lord.

My Baby

was a living skeleton; the doctor said he was dying of Marasmus and Indigestion. At 13 months he weighed only seven pounds. Nothing strengthened or fattened him. I began using Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites, feeding it to him and rubbing it into his body. He began to fatten and is now a beautiful dimpled boy. The Emulsion seemed to supply the one thing needful.

Mrs. KENYON WILLIAMS, May 21, 1894. Cave Springs, Ga. Similar letters from other mothers.

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Music.

THE first Saengerfest of the Canadian Saengerbund was held in this city on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of the present week. Of special interest among the many events of the Fest was the concert in Massey Music Hall on the first evening of the gathering. The programme was made up of several choruses by the combined singing societies from Hamilton, Berlin, Waterloo, Montreal and Toronto, numbering all told, about eighty-five voices; besides which the separate organizations in turn rendered a chorus each, and solos were contributed by Miss Adele Strauss, mezzo-soprano, and Mr. E. W. Schuch, baritone. The massed choruses were, generally speaking, given with very good effect, although an improvement in quality of tone and intonation might well have been aimed at in the preparation of the works produced. The Waterloo and Toronto societies in their individual capacity also sang with good spirit and in very creditable style their respective selections. The Hamilton and Berlin choruses, however, became almost hopelessly involved in the harmonic intricacies of the numbers chosen by them, and gave many evidences of having been sadly overweighted and unfortunate in the selections of their pieces. These points it would be well to bear in mind for future gatherings. Simple choruses within the compass of the voices, if well rendered, constitute a much greater artistic triumph than some heavier work sung in a helpless and half-hearted manner and plainly beyond the ability of those taking part in it. Miss Strauss in the soprano solo work of Lund's splendid Germanenzug, as well as in the Gluck Recitative and Aria, sang with splendid effect, displaying throughout a voice of excellent quality and an artistic style which at once appealed to the audience present. In response to an enthusiastic encore she sang with equal success a charming German Lied. Mr. Schuch was also warmly received and sang with much vigor and stirring effect in the Germanenzug, and with excellent expression and sympathy the beautiful baritone solo from Schreiff's Trumper von Saekkingen. As an encore number he gave the well known German Drinking Song. The accompanists were Mrs. Haskett and Mr. W. H. Hewlett. The band of the Royal Grenadiers also assisted in the accompaniments to several choral numbers and played two concert selections as well.

Miss Minnie E. Topping has returned home from her holiday touring and resumed classes at the Metropolitan College of Music (Ltd.). Miss Topping created a most favorable impression by her work in the west end of the city last season, and from present indications the present season will be a busy one for her, both in concert work and in teaching.

Mr. H. M. Field resumed his classes in piano forte playing last week. Mr. Field will be heard in concert work frequently during the season, both as a soloist and in connection with several ensemble organizations which are preparing for the year's work.

Owing to strong inducements which have been held out to Mr. W. E. Haslam of New York to again settle in Toronto, this well known vocal master has decided to return to this city and permanently locate here. Mr. Haslam left for New York on Wednesday of last week to complete his arrangements for removing to Toronto, and it is expected that he will be ready to resume instruction here by October 1. The large number of pupils who have already registered with Mr. Haslam for the coming season is practical evidence of the respect in which he is held in musical circles here, and of the undoubted success which attended his labors in Toronto some years ago as a vocal master.

Mr. G. H. Ozburn, the popular soloist and teacher, is organizing a mandolin and guitar club at the Metropolitan School of Music. Evening rehearsals, I am informed, will begin as soon as cool weather sets in. There will be no membership fee, but applicants for admission will be required to possess some slight degree of proficiency as players.

There is at present an opening for an organist and choirmaster in one of the most influential Presbyterian churches in Western Ontario. In a letter received from one of the officials of the church the wish is expressed that the editor of this column might interest himself in assisting the church in procuring just such a man as would best fill all the requirements. From personal knowledge of the situation and the field generally I am certain that were a comparatively young man, with proper qualifications and necessary ambition and push, to receive the appointment, it would prove to be one of the most promising and satisfactory in Ontario. A smart city, a good field for teaching for a thoroughly equipped piano teacher, with a wealthy and influential congregation at his back, willing and able to actively support the right man, the prospects appear to me to be unusually bright for any one worthy of the position. I shall be pleased to give further information on the subject to any prospective candidates for the vacant situation, and would advise prompt application for the same.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp resumed his classes in piano playing last week. Mr. Tripp is actively engaged reorganizing the Male Chorus Club for this season's work and reports the prospects for the coming year as most encouraging. A large number of applications for membership are being received from a good class of vocalists and an excellent list of works has been chosen for study.

The musical season proper will be inaugurated by a concert of the first rank. Manager Suckling of Massey Hall has engaged company of artists, which, as an aggregation, have never been surpassed in this city. Melba, the star of first magnitude in the company, is recognized as the greatest concert singer now before the public. She commands the highest figure now being paid any concert vocalists and is where regarded as the legitimate successor to once peerless Patti. Besides Melba,

The Place Suited.



Mrs. Hunnimon—Well, Mary, how do you like this place? Mary—Very well, mom. Whin Ol told some of me frinds that Ol was coomin' here, they said Ol could never get along wid your husband; but Ol think he's just splendid.

(Copyrighted)

such names as Campanari, Baurmeister and D'Aubigne are sufficient to conjure up delightful anticipations of the rare musical treat now awaiting the citizens of Toronto and surrounding country. A large number of subscribers have already sent in their names for this event, the date of which has been fixed at October 7.

The first rehearsal of the Mendelssohn Chor for this season will be held on Monday evening, September 30. All applications for membership should be in and voices tested before that date. From the enthusiasm of the membership and officials of the society one may safely predict an enjoyable and successful year for the chorus. The music chosen for the first concert is admirably varied and well calculated to show to best advantage the exceptionally fine material of which the Choir is composed.

The Metropolitan School of Music (Ltd.), 1494-96 Queen street west, re-opened its doors for the current year on September 2, since when a large number of pupils have registered.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth, the musical director, makes a point of carefully grading those who study in classes, and as he will personally supervise

the work of the teachers and the progress of pupils, a satisfactory assurance is given that the best interests of the latter are well provided for. The board of directors of the Metropolitan is a careful and energetic one, and by its apparent activity and enterprise seems determined to exercise a most beneficial effect in the cause of art in Canada.

Miss A. E. S. Hart has returned to Toronto from Europe, after several years of study under some of the most eminent masters on the Continent, including Leschetizky, the famous instructor of Paderewski. Miss Hart has opened a studio at Messrs. Nordheimer's, King street east, where she will be prepared to receive a limited number of pupils in piano forte playing. This talented young lady will also be heard in concert work during the season.

The position of examiner in the piano forte department of Pickering College has been offered to and accepted by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp of the Conservatory of Music staff.

One of the most interesting musical exhibits at the Industrial Fair, which closed yesterday, was that of Mr. Joseph Hugill, the well known maker and repairer of violins, violas, cellos, mandolins and guitars. This gentleman has had over forty years' experience in his special line of work and keeps on hand an excellent assortment of hand made violins and violas for sale. In the repairing of old violins he has earned an enviable reputation for his work.

Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, principal of the Theoretical Department of the Toronto College of Music, has resumed his classes for the season. All communications relative to lessons, etc., should be addressed to Dominion Chambers, Spadina Ave., Toronto.

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A GENEROUS CHILD.
WASHINGTON POST.

A few days ago I ran in to see a woman friend of mine—one of those dear, conventional women who take life seriously and wouldn't do an unusual thing for half your kingdom. While we were talking my friend's little daughter came into the room. She sidled up to her mother.

"Mamma," she said, "may I go down to Mamie's just a minute?"

The day was cloudy and the mother demurred. The little girl insisted.

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Matriculation work a specialty.

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Social and Personal.

Lord Duravren, whose name has been so often in people's mouths of late, has one of the loveliest homes conceivable near Limerick in the west of Ireland, known as Adair. The Shannon river runs through his estate, and one of the sights of said property used to be the ball-room, built some distance from the mansion, with which it connects by a very long gallery. The Shannon in its course flows directly through the ball-room, or, as we should call it, dancing pavilion, and, as one is told in those parts, when the tide is up the gentry catch fish in the ball-room. The charming hospitalities of Adair have been bestowed upon some of us and have left an unfading memory.

The Beethoven Trio Club will this season be composed of Mr. H. M. Field, pianist; Herr Ruth, violincellist; and Mrs. Adamson, violinist. It is intended to form a Beethoven String Quartette Club, which will be under the same management as that of the Trio.

The humors of the Exhibition reach their climax on farmers' day. Everything is funnier than any other time. A most amusing little occurrence was seen on the promenade on Wednesday, when a very much gotten-up suburban lady loudly exclaimed with a sly side glance at an antiquated passer-by, "We're out to see the sights." The antiquated female darted a quick, contemptuous glance at her, from top to toe, and emphatically snapped, "Go you and look in the glass then." Everyone in hearing laughed a ten-acre guffaw and the rout was complete.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Williams, Jr., will hold their post-nuptial receptions next Tuesday and Wednesday from 3 till 6 p.m., at their new home, 112 Avenue road.

Mrs. William Wallace of Orangeville and her little son are guests of Mrs. Charles B. Stevens of 387 Wellesley street this week.

Mrs. R. A. Carter of Montreal has brought up her little daughter on a visit to her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Eiwin Pearson of 546 Sherbourne street.

Miss Leclaire and Miss Ross of Montreal are the guests of Miss Margaret Ross of Wood street.

Mrs. Conolly of Dunnville and Mr. Albert W. Stewart of Dallas, Texas, are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Stewart at Center Island.

Mr. F. J. Ramsey, reeve of Dunnville, who has been in town for the past few days, returned home on Thursday.

Quite the cutest souvenirs of the Exhibition come from the bicycle exhibitors. The Brantford purse, strong and handsome, and the Cleveland foot-chain, in metal and blue enamel, with a tiny pair of handle-bars as a charm, are perhaps the prettiest of all. Mr. Hyslop has also a very taking chansonette which is very much to the purpose.

Mrs. Tate Blackstock was in town for a few days. Mr. Blackstock was sufficiently improved, I am told, to come for a visit to his father on Homewood avenue.

A Gymkana is being arranged for an early date, Oct. 5, in Hamilton and promises great interest to both men and women. I hear special cars are to run for horses and riders from Toronto, and it is hoped the fair handsome horsewomen who were such a card at the Horse Show will be induced to participate in the jumping and other contests.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan A. Rose of 39 St. Mary's street returned on Thursday of last week after a delightful trip to England and the Continent.

Mr. Roderick McLean of Winnipeg and Miss Elizabeth Macdonald of Parkdale were married in Cooke's church last Wednesday noon. It was a traveling-dress wedding and the newly married took the train at once for London on a visit to relatives before leaving for their new home in the North-West. Mr. McLean is a well known lacrosse player and athlete and universally liked.

Sir Hibbert and Lady Tupper and Hon. W. D. Balfour, S.O.L., were among this week's visitors to the Fair.

Judge Morgan has returned from a visit to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. James Carruthers and many another smart horse-lover were in the grand stand on Wednesday, while the mercury rose to one hundred and six. It was a warm spot.

A Pugilistic Lot.
Deduct Free Press.

He was a typical gamin—ragged, unwashed and seemingly taking a heap of comfort as he sat munching an apple on the steps of a tenement house on Elizabeth street the other evening. As I sat down beside him I asked :

"Well, how are you getting along?"

"All right," he replied.

"Father in work?"

"Yes, he's in work, but he only gets his board and clothes out of it. Dad's over on the island for sixty days for thumpin' mam."

"And your mother—she lives upstairs, I suppose?"

"She did," he answered, "but she's doin' fifteen days' time for thumpin' me."

"Then you are keeping house alone, eh?"

"Yes, I shall be now. I just got home myself to-day."

"Where have you been?"

"Oh, I got five days for thumpin' a kid as laid when ma was arrested."

"You seem to be a thumping sort of family," I said, as he gnawed away at his apple.

"Yes, I guess so," he replied, "and you haven't seen the hull of us yet. I've a brother who hangs out around the corner, and I'm expecting him along every minute."

"Yes, and what will your brother do?"

"If I'm alone he won't thump nobody but us, but if you are here he'll thump both of us together."

I gave him a nickel cigar as a reward of merit, and moved on before the brother appeared.

Charley's Aunt.

This unequalled farcical comedy will be presented at the Grand all next week with Arthur Larkin in the title role. This piece has had a wonderful success, being now in its third year in London, and running in Stockholm, Berlin, Florence, Vienna and Paris. It has had big runs in Australia and South Africa, and nothing, since The Private Secretary was new, has so amused America.

SUNLIGHT Soap TWIN BAR 6c.

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FRÄULEIN PAULINE HOLTERMANN
Will give one five-week Primary and one Advanced course in GERMAN

Beginning on the 18th of September at 4:30 and 8 p.m. All wishing to attend these classes must register their names on or before the 18th of September at 155 Gerrard St. East, between Jarvis and Sherbourne. Those wishing to register for one week only may do so. Visitors will be welcome on September 18 and 19.

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"NIOBE"

(All Laughter—No Tears)

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

WEEK BEGINNING Monday, September 14

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THE KING LAUGH MAKER

THE BRIGHT COMEDY

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MR. FRANKLIN J. ANDREWS, Dentist
Room G, Confederation Life Building, Yonge and Richmond Streets, formerly Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto.
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Graduate of West End Hospital, London, Eng.
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References from leading physicians.
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Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of men and women. Hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

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R. Walker & Sons have the pleasure of informing the ladies of Toronto and the vicinity that on

Tuesday Next, September 17

they shall make a special display of all the latest novelties for the season of Millinery and Mantles. They sent a buyer for each of these departments to Europe this season specially to procure the smartest things shown in Paris, London and Berlin. They have taken great pains to place before you the very choicest styles that could be procured, and they appeal with confidence that you should visit them on this occasion, as the prices and styles are such as to be of great interest to every lady.

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Philadelphia Times.

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"Oh, nothin' tall, sir; nothin' tall. I dess wanted to blackin' your shoes, sir," the boy exclaimed eagerly.

"Oh, you want to blacken my shoes, do you," I said. "Well, why didn't you say so?"

"Thereupon I sat down upon the stand and the little fellow gave me a pretty sleek shine. When it was over I got up without a word and started off down the street. When I'd gone about half a block I felt the urchin at my

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elbow.

"Boss," he said, "gentlemen allies pays me 10 cents, but I'll let you off wid a nickel."

"It is needless to say he got his dime. My reputation was at stake."

"Did you enjoy that coaching trip you went on?" "Oh, immensely! Before we'd gone half-way there were hardly any two who'd speak to each other, and all of us cut our host's ton-bone."

"What was it?" "What was it?" "We are here to stay."

Irate party—Young man, have you made any arrangement for your family? Is your life insured? Agent—I—frate party—Well, let me have five two's, please; and give me nice ones, won't you? The last ones I bought all stuck together in my pocket before I'd been carrying them around a week.

Miss Buzbuz—Do you sell postage stamps? Drug Clerk—Yess'm, Miss Buzbuz—Well, let me have five two's, please; and give me nice ones, won't you? The last ones I bought all stuck together in my pocket before I'd been carrying them around a week.

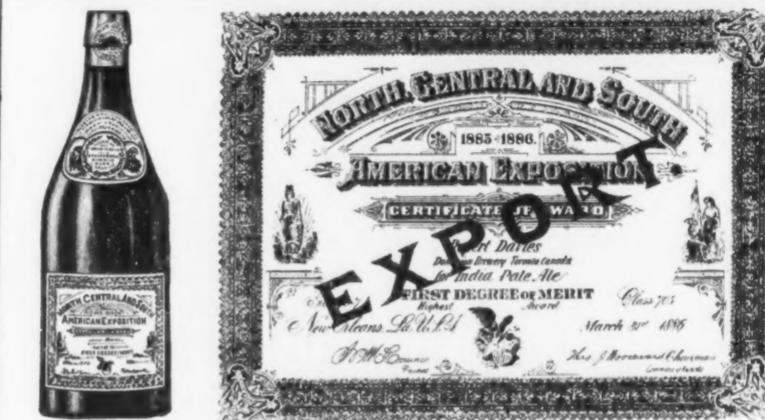
Daughter—Papa went away in very good spirits this morning. Mother—Good gracious! That reminds me that I forgot to ask him for some money!

Physician—And you have felt this way for several days? H'm! Let me see your tongue. Patient—It's no use, doctor; no tongue can tell how I suffer.

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A choice selection of crystal shapes for decorating.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

CANDER—At 9 Homewood Avenue, Toronto, on Wednesday, Sept. 4, the wife of Charles N. Cander—two daughters.

DAVIS—At Novastock, on Sept. 8, Mrs. Mahlon Davis—a son.

CARTER—Sept. 11, Sarah J. Carter, an infant.

HOLLAND—Sept. 10, Georgina H. Holland, age 18, two daughters.

HUNTER—Sept. 5, F. J. Hunter.

DEAN—Sept. 6, Gavin Hume, age 77.

HAND—Sept. 10, Frank J. Hand, aged 27.

DEATHS.

CARTER—Sept. 11, Sarah J. Carter, an infant.

HOLLAND—Sept. 10, Georgina H. Holland, age 18, two daughters.

HUNTER—Sept. 5, F. J. Hunter.

DEAN—Sept. 6, Gavin Hume, age 77.

HAND—Sept. 10, Frank J. Hand, aged 27.

PHENOMENAL.

Vogue.

First clubman (looking over paper)—By Jove! The engagement of Miss Van Domus and old Tiltcott is announced. She appears to have really accepted him.

Second clubman—Yes; and, they say, told him everything.

First clubman—What courage!

Second clubman—What a memory!

McKENDRY'S

EXHIBITION WEEK.

Just as interesting to the fashionable ladies who are in the city now is the display of Fall Goods in each department as compared with the Industrial Exhibition. The looms of France, Germany, Great Britain and Ireland have contributed to swell the stock to more gigantic proportions than ever before. Personal buying at the headquarters of European manufacture makes novelty certain and quality beyond question.

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Phenomenal.

Vogue.

First clubman (looking over paper)—By Jove! The engagement of Miss Van Domus and old Tiltcott is announced. She appears to have really accepted him.

Second clubman—Yes; and, they say, told him everything.

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